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*The  
Healing of  
"Sam" Leake*



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MR. W. S. LEAKE

1920

*W. S. Leake*

*The*  
*Healing of*  
*“Sam” Leake*

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## *Foreword to Second Edition*

By W. S. Leake

**T**HIS story of physical and mental healing by the influence of Spirit, published in many editions and in many countries, read in many tongues, was a messenger of hope and a means of rescue to men wherever it went.

Through failure to enter fully into its meaning and message, its publication ceased, in the mistaken belief that civic constitutions and statutes were capable of doing the inner work of Spirit upon the nature of man.

A very brief experience has exposed the fallacy of this belief. The expenditure of millions of dollars, the picketing of the country by thousands of officials clothed with arbitrary power, the invasion of the privacy of life by a merciless authority, the infliction of extreme judicial punishment, all used as a substitute for an appeal to the Divine influence as a healer of the weakness of man, have failed. Force, the mailed fist, may turn man from one indulgence, but never protected him against another more degrading and dangerous. Only the healing of his so-called diseased mind can do that, and the hand of human law holds no medicine for the healing of a diseased mentality.

So, it became evident that the mission of this little book was not ended, and that it can never end as long as man in the flesh is under the guidance of the belief in a power opposed to God, and that guidance is for good or for evil. Therefore, its publication is resumed, in answer to a growing demand, to the pleading for help of those who suffer, and of the innocent who breathe the air of sorrow and walk in the shadow of humiliation cast by those who should shed abroad the light of happiness and contentment.

This little book goes again into the world, amongst men, in the welter of human weakness and transgression, carrying no club, not clad in the armor of human statutes, threatening no imprisonment and imposing no fine, but as a still, small voice appealing to the Spirit in which alone the sick can be healed and the crooked made straight.

*W. S. Leake*

W. J. B. J.  
1875-1876

## THE HEALING OF "SAM" LEAKE

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

By Eugene B. Lewis

*Author, dramatist, critic; formerly special correspondent New York Journal; now special feature writer for motion picture productions.*

WHEN the story of THE HEALING OF "SAM" LEAKE first appeared on the streets of San Francisco, in the columns of one of the great newspapers of that city, it gave the city the greatest thrill it had experienced since 1906. This was because it was not only one of the most vital and absorbing human documents ever published, but that it concerned a man who was as familiar to every San Franciscan as Lotta's Fountain. The whole city had watched "Sam" Leake lose his firm and autocratic hold on his position of proud eminence, and go crashing down until he had touched the farthest reaches of human misery and degradation. And then, suddenly, as if in the twinkling of an eye, "Sam" Leake reappeared on the streets of San Francisco, rehabilitated in health; his mind as keen and his spirit as bright, far brighter than it had ever been. The man whom the city had come to look upon as a hopeless wreck; whom it had carelessly consigned to the rubbish heap of its human derelicts, for the shock of his fall had long since passed; had "come back!" And now "Sam" Leake's fellow townsmen were to have the privilege of reading the intimate details of that marvelous recrudescence. As the story unfolded from day to day it was shouted on the streets by the newsboys as being far and away the most sensational feature they had to offer. The city's thousands read it with the keenest interest, and for weeks it was the main topic of conversation on the streets, in the hotels, the drawing rooms and the saloons. Many who had known "Sam" Leake in the days of his political and journalistic power, which he sometimes wielded with a ruthless hand, turned away with a cynical smile, but, on the other hand, there were hundreds of unfortunates who clamored to see the man and to hear his amazing story from his own lips.

It soon became apparent to Mr. Leake, and to his publishers, that not only San Francisco, but the entire world, should have the benefit of his soul-thrilling experiences. Accordingly, the story was issued as a booklet, and the reception it met with everywhere was a surprise to its most sanguine friends. The demand for it spread all over the United States and then to Europe, where it was translated into practically all the foreign tongues. Over four hundred thousand copies of the booklet had been published, when the triumph of the cause of prohibition in this country gave the publishers the mistaken idea that the chief basis of the book's appeal had been accomplished, and they accordingly stopped printing it and did away with the plates.

This was a mistake, which they were not long in discovering. They had failed to realize, all of them except Mr. Leake, that the liquor element in this vital story was nothing more than a mere incident; that its appeal was universal; that it lay at the very roots of humanity and took firm hold of the everlasting hopes of the world. They had failed to realize that "THE STORY OF SAM LEAKE" was not merely a message to the man enslaved by his appetite for this or that particular thing; that it was a message of divine import to all mankind, and that it was a story of the healing of the spirit as well as of the body, which former is a far more important thing.

And that is the reason for the present widespread demand for the reissue of "THE HEALING OF SAM LEAKE." And it is in answer to this demand, coming as it does from all parts of the world, as well as from every state in the Union, that this book is again being given to the world.

In this era of great spiritual awakening and achievement, when miracles of healing are being attested on every hand, a natural inquiry would be: "What is there in the story of Sam Leake that is different; wherein does his story differ from thousands of others?"

The answer to this is—"Sam" Leake.

Until the time comes when all men will see themselves as they are; as "God's own idea of Himself," to use Mr. Leake's own expression; that one man is no better or any greater than another; until that times comes, human interest will vary in human personalities.

"Sam" Leake was, and is, a most extraordinary man. And that is what makes his story a most extraordinary document.

Here was a man who had stood at the elbow of the Governor of a great state and dictated to him what bills he was to sign and what bills he was to veto. For a period of several years the very legislation of one of the greatest states of the Union was at the mercy of "Sam" Leake. And in those days he had little if any mercy. He likened the world to a vacant house—There is the house, furnish and decorate it to suit your whims.

For many years he was the publisher of one of the great San Francisco newspapers, and in a period when journalism thrived on sensationalism, he made all his rivals look tame and subdued. He published scandals of international significance regardless of consequences, and ruthlessly exploited, and traded upon, the follies and the weaknesses of his fellow man. His very name brought fear to the hearts of hundreds, and it is said that many a San Francisco mother used it as a means of retarding the wayward tendencies of their young offspring.

In those days Sam Leake was drunk. Drunk physically and mentally. There was hardly anything of a sinister nature in life that he did not crave. And what he craved, he took.

This craving tendency began very early in life. When he was eight years old, living on his father's farm in Missouri, he heard the magic stories of California and craved to go there. Accordingly he picked up one bright moonlight night, and

went. His education, at that time, could not be said to have been very liberal. He had never seen the inside of a school room. Nor did he ever see one but once, and that was only for a few minutes. But, in the great open school room of the world he was a brilliant pupil. For that school was conducted on the broad principle of "if you see what you want, take it." He learned that lesson while yet a youth. At the age of sixteen he heard the clicking of a telegraph key in a small railroad station where he was employed. It started a craving, with the result that two years later found him in full charge as train dispatcher at one of the most important stations in the State of California, and with the reputation of being one of the best telegraphers on the entire system.

In this strategic position he "listened in" on all the important messages to and from the State Capitol, and it started a craving for politics. Result: In less than five years he was commander in chief of the legislative lobby, and practically everything that was done or undone at the capitol was accomplished through him.

"See 'Sam Leake,' was the word that was passed to every man who had anything to "put over."

It was perhaps natural then that when the biggest racing interests of the State, represented by such men as Haggin, Mackay, Crocker, Spreckels, Corrigan, Schreiber, Ullman, Hobart, McDonough and Baldwin wanted a man to manage their newly formed jockey club, they should turn to Sam Leake. This was an entirely new field for Mr. Leake, but after listening briefly to these millionaire devotees of the race track, it started a craving in him. And in the course of a few months he became as dominant a figure in the racing circles of the State as he was in the political. He built the track at Ingle-side in record time; opened it to a record crowd and won the sobriquet of "Czar" on the same day.

His next field of activity was that of journalism.

He became the manager of the "San Francisco Call," but only on the condition that his authority should be absolute. And now came the period of his greatest power. With such a tremendous weapon in his hand as this great metropolitan daily, "Sam" Leake became one of the most dreaded figures on the Coast. And whatever he did, he did thoroughly. He had never been a failure in anything to which he had turned his attention. He seemed to be spontaneously equipped for anything he wanted to do. The magic of the telegraph key was symbolical of the man himself—he was in touch with electric forces. It was in his very personality itself. By an intuition of his own he acquired correct and polished speech and whenever it was necessary for him to write, he wrote with a trenchant, a magnetic power. And he wrote, and he worked, without any apparent effort. He stabbed thousands to the heart with his ruthless pen, and rode roughshod, and with cynical indifference, over anyone who stood in his way. He made enemies by the score—powerful enemies, among whom was a Governor, who carried a revolver on his person with the intention of shooting "Sam" Leake on sight.

He had but one religion—Power. This he obtained by any means that came to his hand, and maintained it against all his enemies—save one—drink.

His capacity to consume liquor became proverbial. The more he drank the cooler grew his mind, like a certain character in fiction, and he fondly thought it would be so always.

But at length "Sam" Leake found that the laws of nature had not been suspended in his particular case. The years of violated laws demanded their toll and "Sam" Leake collapsed.

The descent, being once begun, was made with ever increasing momentum. Power, influence, friends fell away from him almost overnight. And in a few short years a familiar spectacle on the streets or in the saloons of San Francisco was "Sam" Leake, frayed and besotted, and deserted, looking for someone to buy him a drink.

In the great hotel, where he had been a welcome guest for twelve years, where he had been wined and dined and toasted, and the walls of which had rung to the tune of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," he was not permitted to set foot.

"All this," one might say, "is commonplace enough. It is but the story of thousands who have gone the path 'Sam' Leake trod."

Granted.

The story of "Sam" Leake's descent is common.

But it is the story of his rise that arrests the attention, and forces the reader to the conclusion that in it the commonplace has been left far behind, and only that remains which makes one marvel.

There have been many men stop from being drunkards. There have been thousands who have regained their grip on life and have again become useful in the world. But in these instances such men have only taken up their lives where they had abandoned them. They returned to what they were before they started on the downward grade.

But in the case of "Sam" Leake, we have something different by far. We have an entirely changed man—a new man. He could no more be what he was before than he could, by taking thought, add to his stature.

In the old days he loved power. Now he doesn't care a thing about it, that is, the kind of power he formerly had. In the days of that power he was not conscious of any feeling whatever for humanity. Now humanity is his passion. He speaks with the same voice but he uses a different language—the language of the soul. He was formerly cynical and contemptuous. Now he finds his greatest joy in going down amongst the dregs of humanity and lifting them up. All men are one to him now—the banker is the same as the beggar, and all the money the former may possess could not induce him to cancel an engagement with the latter. He knows the Law is ever working on the ascending scale. He sees the Hand of God in so-called fortune and misfortune.

"In 'Sam' Leake the natural laws of psychology have been set aside. What the psychologist calls the association of ideas has no influence with him whatever. He could look forever

on his former delights without once experiencing the slightest desire to partake. How many merely "reformed" men succumb again to their former temptations through the constant pressure of "associated ideas."

What Mr. Leake is doing now is beautifully told by Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Millard, Mr. Older, Col. Irish, Mr. Wishar, and others in this book.

This same man, who was once almost a curse on the civic life of his own city, has now become one of its chiefest blessings. The divine spark that touched him; that brought him from the brink of the grave and lighted his way out of moral obloquy, shines brighter in him day by day, and the blessings he received he is now passing on to others.

It was hard for San Francisco to adjust its attitude to the new "Sam" Leake. They had known him so well, and so long, and they had seen him pass far beyond the point from which it is ordinarily possible for a man to come back. But gradually people stopped looking askance. The cynical expressions of doubt grew fewer and fewer. After many years "Sam" Leake has come into his own, his REAL own. The city has caught his spirit, and now if you ask who is San Francisco's most useful, most benevolent, most beloved citizen, the answer in nine cases out of ten will be, "Sam" Leake.

The spiritual philosophy by which Mr. Leake was redeemed has found fertile soil in him in which to grow and expand. He has discovered, through his experiences, the secret of life and success, true success, which is happiness, and is giving to it an interpretation, or a reflection, of his own. Five o'clock every morning finds him at his rooms in one of the great down-town office buildings of San Francisco. And it is very safe to say that these rooms are visited by more people, and by more kinds of people, than any in the City. All may freely come. And most everyone, sooner or later, does come. And if anyone had ever gone away from "Sam" Leake without having been benefited, that person has kept absolutely silent about it.

Before closing this rather extended preface, a word should be said, or a passing tribute paid, to the one person who stood by "Sam" Leake from first to last. This person is Mrs. Leake. She went with him into absolute social ostracism. And when friends and relatives used every influence in their power to induce her to desert her husband, her response was, "No—I will not leave him. I want to get back the man I married, and I WILL."

And who shall say that the faith and loyalty of this proud and lovely woman, whose love triumphed over all, was not largely responsible for "THE HEALING OF 'SAM' LEAKE"?

E. B. L.

San Francisco, July 3, 1920.



## AS I KNOW "SAM" LEAKE

By Colonel John P. Irish

*Noted international lawyer, author, orator and close friend of the late President Cleveland; formerly Surveyor of the Port of San Francisco, and probably one of the best known men in public affairs in the entire West.*

**F**RIENDSHIP of thirty years with a man qualifies for judgment of his personality, his mental mechanism, his estimate of life, his inner guidance and his vision. I knew Sam Leake since a third of a century past. He was a singularly penetrative power in politics, who traced from effects back to causes, and from causes forward to effects in the conduct of public men and in public measures, with a keenness of analysis that is rare. In that time he made and unmade the political careers of men who craved the United States Senatorship, the Governorship and Speakership of the Assembly, with a hand that never trembled and a determination that never faltered, and time in every case vindicated the justice of his judgment.

I knew him in the great sorrow of his life, and in the days of his exaltation. Of course in this varied career disappointments mingled with success. But he was never cast down by failure nor unduly exalted by success, such was his iron control of himself and his adherence to fixed principles that had to abide against all circumstances.

Called to the editorial management of a great daily, his adaptability, his news sense, his excellent taste and his brotherhood with the journalistic atmosphere caused his welcome to the Fourth Estate by its elder nobility on terms of honorable equality. His service as a newspaper man brightened the fast passing days of the old order of journalism, when it had a conscience as well as enterprise.

I knew him again in his slow and gradual fall. I saw its physical consequences writ plainly day by day. But as he descended into the shadows I saw no change in certain characteristics that nothing could obscure.

He had been more than a keen participant in politics. In the strife of partisan competition it fell out that he had made a legal precedent. In a prolonged controversy that stirred the whole State, an attempt was made to best him by issuing a warrant for his arrest for criminal libel that would have taken him to a distant part of the State, before a tribunal in which his conviction would have been sure, no matter what the merits of his side. In this emergency he told his lawyers that the way out was to get under the jurisdiction of the courts in San Francisco, be tried there and acquitted, as he was sure to be, when "once in jeopardy" would protect him against arrest, transportation and trial to a distant and hostile jurisdiction. His lawyers were positive this could not be done. Such a thing was un-

heard of in the practice. But he said it should be done and he proceeded to do it, and when the officer came to serve the warrant of arrest he had been once in jeopardy and could not be touched. This case has become more than a precedent in legal procedure. It may fairly be ranked as *stare decisis*, a settled principle that has since been invoked in other important cases.

But after all these battles with others, in the battle with himself he fell and seemed wounded to the death. But in his fall splendid lights in him were not extinguished. When he was little more than a child and hardly comprehended the advice an uncle had said to him, "Never let a woman be worse for having known you." When he grew into full comprehension of what this meant, it became a guide that he never forgot and counsel that he never betrayed. Amongst his distinguishing traits were unvaried politeness, great kindness of heart, readiness to help others in sorrow and need, and respect for the rights and property of his fellows. These principles never left him in the years of his stumbling and groping. Every blow he struck was at himself, every wound was in his own flesh. Those who knew and loved him looked upon the splendid wreck, jewelled with all these graces, going down to lasting darkness like a gallant ship sinking with her lights aflame and her flags given to the breeze.

He has told the story of his rise from all this. His flesh had fought against the spirit but the spirit was the final victor, and he came back with the guides of his conduct on duty, his old morals and ethics unimpaired, his vision broadened to all the splendors of life and all his restored energies and enlivened spirit devoted to the work of rescue, devoting himself to the high calling of lifting up the fallen.

This is Sam Leake as I know him for a third of a century.

John P. Leake

## HOW THE STORY WAS WRITTEN

By Jas. H. Wilkins

*Attorney, publicist, writer and lecturer; former Prison Director of California, and for the last twenty odd years identified with public affairs in California.*

**A**LMOST exactly nine years ago I looked on the sodden wreck of a remarkable man, brought to the depths by a long extended period of alcoholic excesses. His plight was such that I never expected to see him again. Three weeks later I met the same man on a street in San Francisco, swinging along at a sturdy stride, the embodiment of physical and mental poise, just as I had known him at his best.

The raising of Lazarus from the dead seemed an ordinary event compared with the sudden transformation of this man. I was the first, I think, to whom he gave the full details of the virtual miracle. I recognized at once the profound human interest and moral value of the narrative. It was certainly due to my persistence that he overcame the reluctance of a proud man in making a frank confession of not altogether pleasant facts for the bettermen of humanity. Thus the world came by the long famous story, "The Healing of 'Sam' Leake."

So I can lay some claim to being the father of the serial, which is familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken, and has been translated into various foreign languages. Its popularity was instantaneous, for it struck an entirely new note in an appeal for temperance. For the first time it disclosed a drunken man not as an object of abhorrence, but as the unhappy victim of a disease demanding sympathy, aid and human treatment. How great has been its influence, I am also in a position to know. I wrote the foreword of the story, which was printed in the original pamphlet. From that incident I have received so many inquiries from widely scattered persons, quite unknown to me, that I am strongly of the belief that it was a decisive factor leading up to the movement that has made a great nation of sober people.

My acquaintance with Mr. Leake dates back to somewhere in the mist of ancient history. Forty years ago, or thereabouts, we were both young men, each interested in the engrossing game of politics, as it was played then. Being both of the same political faith we frequently met at the Council fires of the Democratic party, once ascendant in the State of California. So I had a fair opportunity to take the measure of Mr. Leake, and took it accurately. His personality at once suggested that he was no ordinary type of man. His perfect poise, power of expression and peculiarly graceful manner indicated both a well balanced brain, together with a reserve force that made for unlimited power. His soft brown and peculiarly effective eyes

gave one the impression that there was something much deeper than that in Mr. Leake's make-up—something that long and intimate acquaintance seldom, if ever, fathomed.

During most of the early days, Mr. Leake held a position as Assistant to the State Librarian at Sacramento. In reality, he was the whole show in those classic shades. But he had only begun to climb. To those who had an intimate knowledge, he was accounted a skillful politician and a past-master as a lobbyist. Yet so well was his personality kept in the background that only the great understood the velvety technique of his methods. To the general public he was Assistant to the State Librarian, nothing more.

Then with the mounting of a force, long well in check, Sam Leake began his meteoric flight through the free air. He advanced by rapid leaps from Postmaster at Sacramento to dictator absolute of the vast race-track interest, thence to Managing Editor of the "Call"—a great metropolitan newspaper—and stood openly in the limelight as one of the independent powers of the state, big enough to defy the railroad in the heyday of its ascendancy. It is not my purpose here to even sketch the rough outline of the autocratic end of his career, but only to relate a single incident where it might be said that his sword touched with mine.

In the year 1888, Henry T. Gage, of Los Angeles, was mentioned favorably as a Republican candidate for the high office of the Governor of the State. The Railroad had programmed him, most of the Republican papers had climbed on the band-wagon. Only Mr. Leake and the influential newspaper he managed hung fire. The reasons for the same were practical. Mr. Gage had been defendant in a lawsuit involving a flock of sheep in his possession. By order of the court, he was directed to deliver over the aforesaid sheep to plaintiff. We all know how charitable the world is. As a result of this lawsuit, the story went over the state that the gentleman from the Southland had stolen a band of sheep and had been compelled to make restitution. For this reason, because he would have to make a defensive campaign against a charge far more heinous than in California than the crime of murder, Mr. Leake did not consider Mr. Gage an available candidate.

And then the news came to him that the owner of the paper, Mr. John D. Spreckels, then confined to bed with a broken leg, had pledged his support to Henry T. Gage. A hasty interview confirmed the report. It appeared that Gage had promised to appoint Spreckels Police Commissioner for San Francisco. That would have meant control of a great news avenue and innumerable scoops of first magnitude to the sensational journalism of other days. Leake readily grasped the point. Gage in person corroborated the story of the promise. It only remained to put the crusher on the sheep story.

This was secured by a letter from Senator Stephen M. White, whose word was good for anything in California, who from a personal knowledge of the case cleared Mr. Gage of any questionable charge relating to the sheep incident. That made the

sailing open. The "Call" front-paged Mr. Gage. His fight from nomination to election was a simple procession of fore-ordained events.

But Mr. Spreckels was not appointed Police Commissioner. It wasn't exactly a case of double-cross. The story is too long to tell here. Suffice to say that an ocean of blood separated the houses of Spreckels and Gage. The "Call's" owner was seeing red when Gage became a candidate for re-election, with every prospect for success. The Spreckels orders were to defeat him at any cost.

In former years, it had been a common practice of the Warden of San Quentin Prison to make presents to valuable friends. These presents were the handiwork of ingenious prisoners, as a rule from the odds and ends of State material, although the rule was not strictly observed. Of course the practice was all wrong, absolutely indefensible, but was so hallowed by antiquity that few thought anything amiss of it.

Suddenly the "Call" published a sort of serial, to the effect that the then Warden of San Quentin Prison had been making extremely expensive presents, most of which found their way into the hands of his patron, Governor Gage. These included monogrammed furniture for his home in Los Angeles, a gold-mounted harness, and various other items in the luxury class. I was a member of the Board of Prison Directors at the time, and was naturally enough disturbed at the revelations made from day to day. I made an official examination and found that the facts were not to be gainsaid. Those who were responsible for the unhappy conditions, instead of admitting that they had followed the way of historic practice, unbroken since the days of the first warden, tried foolishly to cover up their tracks. These efforts were fully exposed in the "Call" the next day. I am distinctly better than a green hand at solving mysteries. First I established the veracity of the story, thence the channel through which it leaked. Sometimes the circumstances seemed to indicate the impossibility of a leak except through the person concerned. Always the trail ran against a blank wall. Nevertheless, the fact was evident that the Editor of the "Call" had a far more complete knowledge of the daily occurrences at San Quentin Prison than the officers connected with its management. It was an isolated institution, easily guarded against any private inquiry. Every visible channel was gummed up. Several men were discharged on general principles. Nevertheless, the grapevine route continued in working order until the reason for it ceased to exist. Neither the route of the grapevine or the personnel of the operator has ever been disclosed.

All this happened nearly twenty years ago. The disclosures broke the back of Gage's candidacy. Another received the Republican nomination, and Mr. Gage retired to private life, revenge and bitterness in his heart.

Nevertheless, time touches the sore spots of life with a healing hand. It is a pleasant conclusion to this resurrection of the

past to state that Henry T. Gage and Sam Leake are now fast friends and though separated by great distances manage to have a kindly chat together several times a year.

*Jas. H. Wilkins*

## HAS THE AGE OF MIRACLES PAST?

By John H. Wishar

*Author, journalist and world-traveler; former City Editor of the San Francisco Call-Post; former Eastern Business Manager of the International News Service with headquarters in New York; and at present Editor-in-Chief of "The Trestle Board," the great International Masonic Magazine published in San Francisco.*

THE City Editor of a metropolitan newspaper sits, metaphorically, at a great and all-embracing dictaphone which daily reveals to him the innermost secrets of the community. His "wires" extend to every stratum of the social structure. He is in touch with the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the cranks and the crooks and the public and private individuals of note. Their misdeeds, their loves and hates, foibles and follies, successes and failures are all grist to his mill. The never-ending tale pours in from every conceivable source and through every imaginable channel of communication. The work of the reporter on his beat is supplemented by the well-meaning "friend" with an ax to grind; by the society woman actuated by jealousy or hate; by the judge on the bench; by the social "tipster" who thus swells an attenuated income, and a thousand other types and classes of the genus homo. Naturally, there is small chance of any unusual occurrence escaping the callous attention of the man on the City Desk. So it happened that sandwiched into this endless tale of romance and adventure, of achievement and blasted hopes that daily came to my desk was a scrap of information to the effect that "Sam" Leake was a well man again; that he "was fully recovered and was practicing some kind of faith healing." This was the summer of 1913.

Sam Leake well again! A miracle in this age! Hardly. The only modern miracle that might occur would be for some of the loud-voiced, back-biting human rats that infest the world to turn decent for a day. That would indeed be a miracle!

But the report was interesting, for every newspaper man knew or knew of Sam Leake. He was damned and praised with equal intensity. Invariably he was spoken of in the past tense, as we speak of the dead. Any man who had seen Sam Leake in the latter part of 1912 always retained the thought, subconsciously perhaps, that he had looked upon a walking corpse; had seen a dead man shuffle about amid the life and activity of a modern city. The uncanniness of the sensation guaranteed a permanent place in the memory for the name of Sam Leake, the wreck of the fiery, fighting, brilliant and powerful figure that had made history in California.

As City Editor of the Evening CALL and POST I felt particularly interested in Sam Leake owing to the fact that he had

risen to the height of his fame and power while editor of The Call in the days when it was a powerful morning newspaper and long before it absorbed the Daily Post and was changed to an afternoon paper. The story of his "complete recovery" impressed me as a rather gruesome and ill-timed jest. The day when the dead arose from the tomb had long since passed. So this bit of flotsam on the Sea of News was tossed aside and temporarily forgotten. However, it was recalled from time to time by additional and more circumstantial reports of Sam Leake's recovery; reports of what he was actually doing for others as well as his own rejuvenation. Finally there appeared in the San Francisco Bulletin the story of his Healing as told by himself. I read it with considerable interest, never, of course, accepting the straight-forward statements at their face value, merely looking upon it as a clever piece of faking and wondering just where the "catch" was to be found, whether it would be the sale of stock in an oil well or a new Divining Rod to locate diamond mines.

Time went by and the story ended, but no trap for the unwary was discernible. My curiosity became aroused. It seemed incredible that Sam Leake could have recovered; it likewise seemed incredible that the reports of his charity and kindness to those who could never repay him in money, could be true. These tales smelled strongly of a press agent. Newspapermen are notoriously skeptical. City Editors are doubly so. They have to be. It is part of their business to possess a sort of sixth sense or power of divination which enables them to instinctively recognize the false from the true, to know what is news and what is not news; what is safe to print and what is too risky, but above all to detect and foil any deliberate angling for publicity. Therefore the tales of the good that Sam Leake, the Regenerated, was doing, drifting in with a steady persistency caught my fancy even while they strengthened the conviction that the ethopian in the woodpile would sooner or later appear. But this expected expose never came. In its place came definite information that Sam Leake was doing his work without hope of gain; was giving freely to those who were in need of help; was extending the hand of brotherhood to those poor wrecks of humanity that invariably litter the back-waters and eddies of Life in a large city.

Sam Leake's office was almost across the street from the new Call Building. So, one day when the earlier editions were off the press, when things were running smoothly and idle curiosity clamored to be satisfied, I called on Sam Leake. I entered a well-lighted reception room so filled with bouquets of all the rare blooms found in a California garden that I scarcely noticed the plain, flat topped desk or the ordinary wooden chairs and inexpensive carpet. A great glass bowl held Japanese goldfish with wavy tails, while from a tall wicker cage a Roller Canary sang with a strength and vigor that seemed almost too great for his small body. Potted ferns, blooming plants of various kinds and cut blossoms delighted the eye.

"All presents from friends," said Sam Leake in his pleasantly modulated voice as he opened the door of his private of-



fice. And standing amidst those rare blooms, clad in plain black, this tall, erect, broad-shouldered man with the white hair, clear complexion, soft brown eyes and clean-cut features, personifying healthful efficiency and vigor, both of mind and body, brought to my mind fragments of biblical quotations in which the word "Resurrection" dominated. For this alert professional man, who eyed me with a polite question in his eyes, while he smiled a pleasant welcome was by no stretch of the imagination to be connected with the walking-corpse that a few years before had painfully ambled down Montgomery street. This man before me was the Sam Leake of earlier days, but a softened, tempered Sam Leake; a blade of steel from which the rust and muck and gore of battle had been removed, leaving the blade clean and clear and ready for use.

As we talked over newspaper days of former years, as we looked over some of the souvenirs which had been given him by men who had liked and respected him even while they feared him, the miracle of it all dawned upon me. This was, and yet was not the Sam Leake of old. It was a sweeter, a finer, a more efficient type of man; a man who had been purged of all the dross of his materiality by the fires of suffering; a man who had plumbed the depths of vicious depravity; who had to all intent and purpose been physically and mentally dead, and who had come back from the grave; who had arisen with a wonderful knowledge of the Principle of Living, of certain Laws of Health and Happiness that had rejuvenated him and enabled him to help others.

Of a truth the age of Miracles is not past to any person who had seen Sam Leake before his healing!

Sitting in his cheerful office, with the rattle of the cars and the honk of autos coming up from the street, and the rumble of the Call's presses sounding faintly from up the alley, this one time "dead man" told of his healing. He told it simply, sincerely, truthfully, as one newspaperman to another, concealing nothing, excusing nothing, his face, scarcely showing the traces of his wild life, softening and his voice vibrant with feeling when speaking of the vast army of sufferers in every city—the ones he labored to aid.

From that time on I watched with interest the work of Sam Leake. His little reception room grew too small to hold the sick of body and the sick of heart that wended their way to his sheltering fold. Reports came to me of business and professional men who had sought his aid; of women of wealth and position who had gone to him for relief in their hour of need. And also of the poor clerk and the woman of the streets, who likewise had been received with all his courtly grace and given abundantly of his aid. Stories of drunkards reclaimed, of men and women healed and various social and financial problems straightened out drifted in with never ceasing regularity in the succeeding years, and every investigation proved the truth of the tales. What seemed the oddest was this man's utter disregard of money. He helped all who sought his aid, but seemed oblivious to the need of making them pay a just fee. If they desired they might leave what they thought right

in return for their healing, but money was never mentioned by him. He was down early each morning at his office, but the ones needing help were there before him. The low and the high have beaten a path to his door that has grown wider with the passing of the years.

And today in his comfortable, business-like but flower-decked office in the Sharon Building in San Francisco, just across New Montgomery street from the New Palace Hotel, the building that, like himself, has arisen on the remains of the older building in which he saw so much of his earlier wild career, he greets banker and business man, lawyer, doctor, merchant or clerk, society woman or stenographer, giving aid and comfort to the sick of mind and heart, smiling pleasantly and sending out into the world thoughts of cheer and peace and aid.

Such is the man that shambled into the Valley of the Shadow, was lighted out by a Principle of which he is the living, visible proof and which he now uses in harmonizing the lives of others.

Has the age of Miracles past? Quien Sabe?

*John H. Wishar*

## THE HEALING OF "SAM" LEAKE

### PROLOGUE

Believing that good and so-called evil are both the fruit of the spirit of man, in what you are about to read, it is intended to teach that not Statutes, nor Kingdoms, nor Principalities nor Powers can work the reform of men, nor turn them from evil to good. That must be the work of Spirit. Material force may outwardly restrain, but it never has and never will work an inner change. Rather, it promotes a spirit of revolt, increasing an evil that cannot be chastened and cast out by scourging, nor chains nor jails.

I was a slave to the spirit of evil. Led by it I walked in the darkest depths of indulgence and transgression, until friends passed me in scorn, and all the beauty and grace of the world faded beside my path. I daily looked forward to drink as my only pleasure, and the dreams of my sleep were only of the degradation to which I had fallen.

Sun, moon and stars were eclipsed out of my life. The most sacred human obligations bound me no longer.

Then, when there was no further depth to which I could fall, I saw the inner light. It was the awakening of the spirit of good. Like Paul, I was faithful unto the heavenly vision, and guided by the spiritual change that was upon me, rose from the gutter in which I had wallowed, and reclad, in my right mind, was a man again.

All around me I saw men fallen as I had fallen. I saw them scourged and imprisoned without cure. Yet, faithful to the light I had followed, inside their rags, beyond their revolting flesh, beneath the evidence of their corrupt senses, I saw men standing upright and clean, in the image of their Creator. What my raised vision saw I determined that all should see, and that as far as my story could reach them, there should be wrought in these brethren of mine the spiritual change that was my own salvation.

I do not invite you to witness raids and arrests and the opening of jail doors, for these never yet reformed a drunkard, but rather to look upon the awakening of the spirit of man, of that within him which has kinship with the Highest, and which alone can heal. W. S. LEAKE.

## FOREWORD AS WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST EDITION

BY JAMES H. WILKINS

The door swung open and we entered a great room comprising nearly all the space of one story in the Municipal Building on Kearny street. It was divided by strong iron bars into cages of various dimensions, with convenient passageways between. Some of the cages had dismal human occupants, but most of them were empty. The place is known as the city jail.

In one corner, facing the walls, are a number of cells devoted to a special purpose. They are the dumping-ground for the small army of "drunks" picked up over night by the police.

Familiar with many forms of degradation, squalor and suffering, the sight before me presented a spectacle of sickening horror that the most calloused spectator could not observe unmoved. In a single cell I counted twenty-one human beings, most of them prone on the floor, piled on top of one another, in a condition of indescribable filth, snoring off in drunken stupor the effects of the last night's debauch. Two wore the uniform of Uncle Sam. Nearly all bore the marks of violence, evidenced by blackened eyes, swollen faces, and bleeding wounds.

A few were standing, several of them young boys, clearly novices, overcome and terrified by their hideous surroundings; but the larger number were hardened sinners, despairing, indifferent and vicious—typical lost souls.

The other cells were less crowded, but the conditions were identical—everywhere misery, debasement and shame. This was in the early morning, between the hours of six and seven. At eight o'clock the drunks are aroused, if possible, and turned loose on the street, hungry, mostly penniless, with a raging appetite for liquor, to drift through an indifferent world as best they may. I am told that the rule to determine a "drunk's" fitness to be at large is his ability to remember his name. If he can do that, he is "normal" and discharged. If "abnormal," he is detained till his memory improves. This is not said in criticism of the four or five officers in charge. They seemed to be a

rather kindly, sympathetic set of men—merely carrying out the routine of a system that has been in vogue time out of mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

I visited the city jail at this unseasonable hour of a Sunday morning on the invitation of a friend in whom I have a deep interest. While I was taking in the grewsome and squalid surroundings, my companion was having a chat with the inmates who were capable of conversation, inquiring about their families and friends, if they had any, concerning their willingness to work if employment were offered, and giving them a kindly, off-hand, cheer-up talk as he jotted down notes in a memorandum book.

"Don't forget, boys," he said, "that as long as I live every 'drunk' has a friend."

The fresh air seemed good as we descended to the street.

"You have just seen," said my companion, "an ill-conceived plan for first aid to sufferers from the worst disease that afflicts mankind. Drunkenness is only a disease, and perfectly preventable at that. It fills jails, hospitals and asylums, destroys manhood and self-respect, wrecks homes and fills the world with needless misery. We spend millions every year to fight cancer, the white plague, typhoid, malaria, and what not. But this greatest of all diseases is allowed to run its course without even so much as an effort at comprehensive analysis. When the world comes to understand drunkenness—and cures it—almost everything else will be righted."

\* \* \* \* \*

The speaker was a well-preserved man of middle age, with a pleasant smile, expressing contentment with himself, and all mankind and the appearance of health that betokened a lifetime of clean living. Yet, only a year and a half ago, this man was a more helpless wreck than any of the penned-up creatures we had seen. He had reached the limit of plain drunkenness, where mind and body were consumed, where there was seemingly no recall, for no material was left for reconstruction. He was like a building gutted by fire—the four walls were still standing, but inside nothing remained but a burned-out void.

His name is W. S. Leake, better known to the world by his abbreviated middle name of plain "Sam." Very few men in California are more familiar to those who keep

track of public events, and very few men have a more intimate knowledge of the unwritten history of California. For years he was famed as an adroit politician and a past master in directing the course of legislation. In the good old times, his services were in great demand. He was a prominent figure in the notable fight that elected Stephen M. White United States Senator, and White made him postmaster of Sacramento as a token of his gratitude. It was about this time that he entered into intimate business relations with the Spreckels brothers, culminating in his appointment as managing editor of The Call.

Sam had hardly ever seen the inside of a big newspaper when he undertook to manage, in all its departments, a very large concern in a rickety condition. It was in a shape that seemed to need the attention of a specialist rather than of a novice. Yet the novice made good. His career as a journalist was stormy, spectacular, original. He didn't seem especially vindictive, but always had a fight on his hands that occupied his mind and kept his paper in the limelight. He fought governors, senators, noblemen, prison wardens and politicians—fought anyone who cared to fight, and walked roughshod over those who wouldn't fight at all. He fought with perfect good humor, for the pure love of combativeness and because it improved business.

The local columns of The Call were, for the years of Sam Leake's management, about the most highly seasoned reading matter ever published in the State of California. He went after sensations with a search warrant and seldom failed to find them. He was the architect of a libel suit of international proportions that rocked the social world of the day like a cradle. He made a flock of enemies because he was often ruthless, and many friends because, when he wasn't fighting, it often suited his purpose to be kind. But the main fact was that, in a business way, he made good. He took over The Call in a moribund state. He left it a paying property.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a life of extreme tension, overwork and strain, a man is very often apt to seek in whiskey or its equivalents an artificial stimulant. Sam had been a fairly steady drinker before he took over The Call. In the tumult, excitement and late hours of his new occupation, he began to consume

liquor at a rate that filled all spectators with terror and astonishment. If he visited a saloon, he kept a couple of barkeepers on the jump, mixing drinks for himself and friends. He also became one of the most illustrious wine "openers" about town. Even the best seasoned and experienced assimilators of spirits fermenti shrank from a trip with Sam along the "cocktail route," for it spelled hopeless defeat and discomfiture.

For Sam, himself, it apparently meant not even a transitory inconvenience. A dozen or more stiff drinks in a row only seemed to steady his nerve, make his mind more alert and resourceful, render his smile more comprehensive and his manner more Chesterfieldian. He was the marvel of a city at a time when hard drinking was far more common than now, when men of affairs and position thought it not amiss to be seen in public places befuddled, blear-eyed and tottering, or perhaps to enjoy the city's hospitality over night in jail.

Thus, while other people might get "shot to pieces," no such fate befell Sam Leake in the early days of masterful resistance. He was always the well poised, self-possessed man of the world, no matter what the magnitude of the cargo on board. Men puzzled over the construction of his interior. Imagination pictured a copper-lined stomach, a fire-proofed liver and a nervous system with an asbestos center and radiating threads of the same material.

However, the survivor in a finish fight with King Alcohol is yet to be found. In any such contest, a man may be ever so reckless in drawing drafts upon nature, but in the end they come back dishonored and the debts are paid for in tears. So it happened in the case of Sam Leake. Four or five years ago he went to pieces visibly under the assaults of his self-chosen opponent. He says that the disintegration set in long before it became apparent to the public. When it fairly began, the descent was terribly rapid. In a year, he was reduced to a painful spectacle in the streets, prowling around aimlessly in the early morning, unconscious of his surroundings—saved dozens of times from collision with street cars, automobiles and teams by the quick work of spectators. During the space of several years I saw him every week, and not once was he in a condition to answer an intelligent question.

Body gave way with mind. He stooped forward like an octogenarian, unable to support the weight of years; his legs dwindled away to pipe stems; he almost lost the sense of sight. His haggard face, awful to behold, hung out the signals that forecast the end to the experienced observer.

It must not be supposed that the virile, masterful man went down without a struggle. He fought against drunkenness with a passionate intensity, tried every remedy and nostrum known, tried will power, tried pledges and resolutions—and failed. He left far behind him the point where a victim of alcohol loses all pride, all self-respect, all sense of shame. All he wanted was plenty of liquor, let the finish be what it might.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last time I saw this human wreck, he was being assisted—almost carried—from a ferry boat at Sausalito. His eyes were glazed and staring wide open. The look of death was on his face. He seemed a thing beyond the aid of man. I hardly thought he would reach his home alive.

About a month after I was on Post street when I was startled by what I thought an apparition that took my breath away, as if a ghost suddenly confronted me in a lonely place on a dark night. Sam Leake was approaching me, erect, alert, easy, debonair—the old Sam Leake of fifteen years ago, or, rather, a new Sam Leake. We exchanged the usual greetings, but I was so lost in wonderment that I stared after his disappearing figure like a bewildered rustic on his first trip to town.

It all seemed like a strange illusion. Or was it an instance of a marvelous “brace” by which a life and soul had been snatched from perdition? If so, could it be durable, or only as a last flash of resolution that precedes the final plunge?

I saw Sam Leake many times thereafter, talked with him in the old friendly way, and found his fine mind in unimpaired working order. I satisfied myself that I was laboring under no illusion. But the subject of his transformation was never touched.

Later I heard that he was almost devoting his life to the reclamation of outcasts—victims of drink. I heard how he had picked a well-known man out of the gutter,



got him on his feet, restoring him to his family and to a hopeful career in life. I heard of other instances less notable, but not less impressive, in results. Later, I followed him in some of his work. It was on such an occasion that I went with him on one of his many early morning visits to the city jail.

No less marvelous than the physical change was the moral transformation. This man, by nature masterful, turbulent, militant, predacious, had become as gentle and considerate as a good woman at her best.

He gave me the story of what he calls his "healing," and I never listened to a narrative more vivid, more striking in its human interest aspects. And, with a full knowledge of the facts, I believe it strictly true. This is the conclusion of a long confirmed skeptic, habitually a doubter of everything that does not come within the scope of the commonly accepted natural laws. But I have become convinced that the power that rescued Sam Leake in his extremity was beyond what we recognize, in the everyday world, as human agency. So far as human agency could aid, he was lost to hope.

This will be a story of Christian Science and its work. At my insistent urging, Mr. Leake has consented to give to the world, in the plain interest of humanity, and will be published very nearly in his own words as dictated to a stenographer. It is with no ordinary reluctance that he recalls memories, mostly sad and squalid, but if it can serve to save a single life from the hell of drunkenness, he is content and well repaid for any sacrifice he makes.





**MR. W. S. LEAKE**

*As he appeared while operating the San Francisco Call and the  
Ingleside Race Track.*

# *The Healing of "Sam" Leake*

*As Told by Himself*

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS nearing the terminus of a long career of intemperance and self-indulgence. For years I had not drawn what might be fairly called a sober breath. My life had become a long protracted attempt at constructive suicide. No man, I believe, ever put nature under such a strain and survived to tell about it.

Long ago, I knew a young lady who interested me greatly. She was a slip of a girl, slight, anaemic, with a suggestion of the phthisical taint that is supposed to mark the possessor for an early grave. But she had a highly organized mentality and a very marked talent. She was absent from California for several years. When she returned, I was astonished at the wonderful change in her physical appearance. The pale-faced, spindling, nerve-racked girl, ever under the watchful eye of a skilled physician, had bloomed out into a splendid woman, with graceful, well-rounded figure, rosy cheeks and the general air of good humor and contentment that indicates perfect health.

The transformation was so startling that it fixed my attention, and as I was then managing editor of *The Call*, it occurred to me that there must be a public-interest story connected with her experience. So I interviewed my friend in person, and asked her to tell me all about it. Had she been to some wonderful sanitarium, where miracles were worked? Or had some cunning specialist diagnosed her case correctly, located the cause of her persistent bad health and applied the remedy that restored the vital functions of the body to their normal duty? She laughed a bit, somewhat embarrassed, for she was perfectly aware of my opinion about certain things.

"Why," she said, uneasily, "I never went to any sanitarium at all and never consulted a physician after I left California. I took a course in Christian Science—that was all."

And that was everything I could get out of her. I left my young friend, annoyed and rather pained that one of her clear intelligence should be laboring under an absurd delusion. For I had then no tolerance or patience with those who spoke seriously about Christian Science. I regarded it as a mere fad of emotional people, founded on wild, fantastical notions, an unworthy superstition that would soon run its course and leave those ashamed of themselves who had been in anywise connected with the movement.

It was this same young lady, a little older now, who visited my residence, about two years ago, when my deplorable condition was culminating. By some freak of fortune, I happened to be sufficiently sober to engage in a rational conversation. We talked over old times, old friends, old memories, old songs she used to sing in a way that was soothing to shattered nerves. Finally, she turned a sharp corner.

"Mr. Leake," she said, "I dislike to impose upon good nature. But, really, I am the most persistent beggar on earth. I have come to ask you to grant me a great favor."

The thought that a poor wreck like myself could possibly be of service to any human being gave me a sense of chestiness I had not experienced in years. I answered in the breezy way a man is apt to meet the request of a fine woman.

"Ask me anything you like and I will do it, if in my power."

"Well, then," she said, "that makes it a bargain, and it certainly will not cause you any great inconvenience. I only want you to go with me to see a Christian Science friend and I want you to come right now."

I had been trapped, and was angry, resentful, rebellious. My first inclination was to tell my friend that she had asked the impossible, that I could not lend myself to any scheme of self-imposture; that she had better ask something easy instead. But a look at her kind, wistful face took a lot of meanness out of me. Only those who have been there know how a drunk grasps at every drifting straw of sympathy.

"All right," I said, but in a rather sulky fashion. "I will do as you ask, but I want to tell you now that you are wasting your good time."

I left the room, took aboard a fresh cargo of whiskey, and told my friend I was at her service.

At that time, in addition to the various diseases brought on by alcoholism, I was so far gone with locomotor ataxia that I could barely walk unaided. It took time to reach the house of the Christian Scientist. I had to call a halt several times for more drink. When we arrived, I was comfortably inebriated.

A white-haired lady, of distinguished presence, with a very cheerful, pleasant face, rose to meet us. Notwithstanding my condition, she received me with a cordial frankness and courtesy as if I had been the representative of a crowned head. This, again, rattled me badly. Good women have not so much an aversion, but a feeling of terror, for a drunk. It is the same instinctive, congenital terror that impels them to climb on top of sideboards, pianos, mantelpieces—anything elevated—when a mouse pokes its timid head out of an aperture in the corner of a room. I had been so accustomed to seeing women gather up their skirts and scurry away at my approach that the conduct of this lady, who appeared to take a positive pleasure in my presence, seemed altogether unnatural, uncanny and weird. What was I up against, anyhow? was the question that filtered through my muddled brain.

We engaged in a miscellaneous conversation that turned my thoughts from such distracting topics into calmer channels. Even at my worst, I always had a strange faculty of "pulling myself together," as we called it, in the face of an approaching crisis. I knew one was coming now, and I steadied myself to meet it like a man. I would be respectful, but firm.

Just as I expected, my young friend turned to the white-haired, pleasant-faced lady.

"I need hardly tell you," she said, "that Mr. Leake is suffering from a terrible disease—intemperance—and must have instant relief. I have called to ask you for help."

"Terrible disease!" What on earth was the girl dreaming of? Did she imagine that drunkenness was anything but a voluntary act, committed by a man that lacked the will-power and self-control to resist temptation? It might be just a polite figure of speech to usher in a delicate topic of conversation. In any event, I decided to close the discussion briefly and positively.

"Ladies," I said, "your purpose does great honor to your hearts, but very little to your heads. I might as well advise you that I have ceased to be a man. I am only a walking distillery, absolutely beyond all remedy, treatment or hope. There are others in the world who need your aid before it is too late. Reserve your kindly offices for those. So far as I am concerned, let us talk about something else."

The white-haired lady smiled pleasantly, not a bit discouraged at my ungracious answer.

"You are certainly in deep need of help," she said. "Do you really want to go as you are or would you prefer to be healed, to be freed from a grievous error? Do not say 'no' until you think it over fairly."

"I will have to go farther than I cared," I said, "and must tell you in all frankness that I have not the slightest faith in Christian Science or in any of its pretensions. I would as soon surrender my body and soul to exploitation by a Voodoo priest or Indian medicine man as to any form of treatment that antagonizes common sense."

Still the lady didn't seem even a little bit jolted by this rather brutal way of meeting an advance clearly made in the spirit of good-will and charity.

"We cannot do anything against your wishes," she answered simply. "And yet it seems too bad, for your case is so easy and simple. It cannot hurt anyone to make an attempt, but you must help us in the work. Will you not try?"

The kindness of these women was wearing out my resolution, like water dripping on a stone.

"What's the harm?" I said to myself. "It will make a couple of good ladies happy. They will give up the game, like all the others, when they understand what a hopeless wreck I am."

A sudden impulse seized me.

"Go ahead!" I said. "I'll try."

Little did I think as I said them what those words meant for me and mine. The truth is, almost as soon as they were out of my mouth I would have given a lot to recall them. But a promise is a promise, and being fairly made, I did not attempt to recall it.

We talked over various preliminaries, and I groaned inwardly as I gave my assent. They must have been pretty simple, for I don't even recollect what they were. But as I prepared to leave, the white-haired lady said very gently:

"There is just one thing you must promise."

"Trapped again," I thought. That wretched promise had been thrust at me so often that the "water-wagon pledge" and all that belonged to it filled me with dismay and disgust.

"All right, madam," I said. "I will promise anything you say, but if I agree not to drink, for heaven's sake do not believe me. Our long arid talk has got on my nerves already, and I am perishing with thirst at this very moment. I was on the point of asking you the way to the nearest saloon."

The lady did not seem a particle disconcerted.

"What I wanted you to promise was this," she said. "If you feel at any time like having a drink, do not hesitate to take it. I do not want you to set your teeth and say, 'I won't.' Will-power is a two-edged sword. It has been exercised for good and also for endless evil. That which works by contraries is unsafe. There is no curb whatever to be placed on your natural inclinations. You can make this promise safely and you will keep it."

No person ever jumped in the estimation of another as this lady in mine.

"Why, here is somebody who really understands her business and it is easy to follow her directions to the letter, with equal satisfaction to myself and to my practitioner. If this is the veritable road to redemption, it is indeed strewn with flowers. A man who couldn't comply with such an extremely simple rule of conduct would be no better than a beast," I thought.

Such was my introduction to Christian Science. In what I have said and what will follow I cannot afford to spare myself and must call a spade a spade. If I were to speak of drunkenness as "the liquor habit"; if I tried to make it out a genteel weakness; tried to sugar-coat it with fine words, this story would be pointless and fail of the purpose I have in view—to render a service to the out-cast, to interest the world in a great human duty that it overlooks today.



I obeyed the white-haired lady's orders to the letter. When I left her, I passed a saloon, wanted a drink and took it; wanted another, and took it; wanted a third, and took that, and so on down the line.

After a rather prolonged breathing spell, I was back again to what I would have called a normal state. But during the long night that followed, somewhere, somehow, I felt that kind hands were groping for me in the dark.

## CHAPTER II.

**T**HOSE who have no personal acquaintance with the "liquor habit," or plain drunkenness, and, fortunately, they are numerous, need some enlightenment from a responsible source in order to understand this story aright; to realize that it is only a disease, hideous, fatal, desolating far beyond the limits of its actual presence, but perfectly preventable and curable if we can learn to grapple with it right. All of which I can best illustrate by personal experience.

It is true that certain natures are temperamentally and physically more exposed to the disease of drunkenness than others. The good fellows, with a keen love for pleasure and eager in its pursuit, are the commonest victims. Those who are serious-minded, who have no convivial tastes and mix little in the world, are moderately safe, but not always. Those also of infirm health and low vitality are often induced to kill one form of disease by taking on another, far more distressful in every way.

It is also true that some people are peculiarly liable to certain other diseases. We hear a great deal about consumptive builds, "scrofula conditions" and "apoplectic tendencies." On the other hand, certain people, even certain races, are immune. The dark-skinned races are immune from yellow fever, and in the face of the most dreaded pestilence there have always been some who could face every kind of exposure unscathed.

In my case, it was ill-health that started the downward movement. I had successive attacks of pneumonia that weakened my health and developed a "consumptive tendency." In fact, I had tuberculosis in a pronounced form, according to the diagnosis of one of the ablest doctors in California. He gave up my case as hopeless, but said my life might be prolonged by drinking plenty of liquor. And I might say right here that an awful proportion of intemperance has its beginning in a seemingly harmless, well-intended physician's prescription. I had a nurse who was on intimate terms with King Alcohol, and, as a loyal subject, saw that the directions were carried out to the letter. Alcohol and Phthisis had a merry

battle in my unfortunate body, but in the end Phthisis was driven out and Alcohol took its place. Just as in everything else, the stronger won.

From that time, when I was a very young man, I became a steady drinker. At the outset, probably as a relic of the period when it was only a question of which disease would get the upper hand and I was nothing more than a morbid battleground, the supremacy of King Alcohol was mild, almost benignant. I drank liquor because I wanted it, but the effect was hardly noticeable on body or mind. It rather gave me a sense of superiority and self-righteousness. My health was excellent, my mind clear as a bell and I looked upon King Alcohol as a prince of good fellows and a durable friend.

In fact, it has been my observation that the advances of this disease are so insidious that, up to a certain point, it really seems to make the victim a wiser and a better man. Under the influence of the wine cup there are often moments when a man's wit is keener, his sallies more brilliant, his heart more open to a generous impulse than when he is cold sober. The trouble is that these virtues are of the evanescent order. You hear it said of Mr. Blank that he is a mighty fine man when he's drunk. But he isn't a fine man at any other time, and very soon drops the role even then.

Even when the virus, the specific poison of the disease, began to nip, I had an amazing faculty of putting on a false front. I could dispatch all kinds of business, work out tedious details, join the momentous conferences, present apparently a cool brain and steady mind when I was full of whiskey to the neck. And that was during a not short period. I was outwardly as sober as any man in California. Only I myself knew that I was drunk. All of this time I was managing editor of *The Call*, and, from the financial end at least, "making good."

I began to jeer at those who made any exhibition of themselves after assimilating what, for me, would be no more than a moderate morning bracer. I began to take a kind of horrible, sinister pride in the superior quality of my disease and to hold in contempt the weaklings who fell by the wayside. It was, I think, when, knowing the truth, I lost sympathy for others; that my own downfall came. Perhaps the earthquake and fire helped along, but at all

events, I suddenly changed from the invisible drunk to the drunk visible by every one.

Someone asked me the other day if drunkenness didn't have many very pleasing features—gorgeous dreams of Oriental richness and periods of intense, delightful exhilaration. There seems to be an idea, more or less popular, that a drunkard drinks because it gives him pleasure. Just the contrary is true. He drinks to answer the demands of an imperious disease, to forget for a few hours of sodden stupor the untold misery of his surroundings. It's the terror of waking up to a realizing sense of horror that drives him back to drink, just as wild animals in a stampede will dash on to certain death.

When I gave way finally, I never once permitted myself to be sober, though at rare times I was able to carry on a conversation, like on my visit to the Christian Science lady. Day and night, I was submerged in alcohol.

By and by, a great overshadowing fear rose up and oppressed me. Have you heard of people haunted through years with a terror of being buried alive? That by some hideous chance they would be consigned to the earth and wake up in their grave clothes boxed in a coffin six feet under ground? I had such a terror, one that pursued me in my very dreams. It was the thought that some time I might find myself in a place where I couldn't get any liquor. I conjured up all kinds of circumstances that might bring on such a catastrophe. I imagined myself getting off a car at a beautiful town. Suddenly it turned into hell—it was dry—and the last train had left for the night. I had been in the habit of drinking a bottle of whiskey during the night. A terror seized me that it wouldn't hold out. I didn't like to bring two bottles of whiskey home, so I used to buy one by the side of a tree in case of need. Sometimes the bottle ran short, and I got up in the middle of the night to explore for one of my alcoholic caches. All trees looked alike to me by that time, and I seldom found the object of my search. I am satisfied that if the grounds were dug up today enough bottles of whiskey would be unearthed to stock a saloon. But I was filled with the dreadful suspicion that I was surrounded by thieves, or perhaps a victim of some insidious conspiracy to deprive me of the prime necessity of life.

Again, there is the awful sense of loneliness—of utter isolation. In any other disease there is at least the consolation of sympathy, of tenderness and care. Loving eyes watch by the bedside of the stricken; loving men and women minister to their wants; loving mothers, wives or husbands compose the white hands over hearts that have ceased to beat. Only the victim of the alcohol disease bears his weary burden unassisted, knowing that he must go down unlamented to a forgotten grave.

Drifting to death in an open boat in mid-ocean, dying of hunger and thirst alone in a blistering desert, is like paradise compared to a drunkard's doom. And the ghastly part is that the end is not a short, swift agony, but a daily death, often prolonged through many years. The love of life and the instinct of self-preservation are present with every animal as soon as it can exercise thought. A great philosopher once admitted that there was no combination of calamities he could conceive of that we would not endure rather than suffer death. Yet it is a matter of record that nearly half of the suicides reported are of those who have braved the miseries of the hereafter to escape from a terror they were unable to endure. And those reported are only a few out of many who, in madness and despair, cut loose from the moorings of life and drift into the other world, uncalled for, unannounced. Almost daily, some one is reported "missing" at police headquarters; just a hopeless derelict, without a tie on earth, whose name is handed in by the keeper of a two-bit lodging house to avoid the possibility of future trouble. Opposite the entry in the police record is the frequent notation, "Drunk when last seen." It is not hard to picture the outlines of his finish. A dark wharf, a rum-crazed wreck with his last cent gone, a splash of black waters as the world moves on unconcerned, and the story is told. Beach-combers constantly pick up unidentified bodies and tow them into port. They are not agreeable to look at or otherwise serviceable. In nine cases out of ten they are the mortal remains of drunks.

Why, people will not even stop on their way to save a drunken man's life, it has come to be looked on as so worthless. A few mornings ago, I read how a man staggered in front of a trolley car, was struck down and fell across the track. The motorman was about to stop when

someone called out, "Never mind, he's only a drunk." The car sped on. An old woman, nearing seventy, tried to save him from his peril, but before her faltering hands could drag him from the track, a car came from the opposite direction under a full headway, and this time it had to stop, for a dead man was under the wheels. Only a drunk? Only a human life, just as good as yours or mine, if the world, drunk with many things besides alcohol, would only pause to realize and act.

If anyone doubts this story, he can find it set forth in full in the daily morning papers, published on August 8, 1913.

Under the broad term "heroism," we recognize some of the noblest attributes of man. In no form does it so thrill the imagination as when it rises superior to ignoble motives—to protect the weak and helpless, to save a human life. It fills the heart with generous impulse and sends the warm, red blood with a tingle to the cold, white brain, to read how men and women have forgotten self to lend a helping hand to others in shipwreck, conflagration, earthquake or flood. Andrew Carnegie has spent a fortune on medals to fittingly decorate heroes. The Mikado of Japan gracefully decorated a young man at Half Moon Bay who saved one of his subjects by pulling him out of the water. What kind of a medal does a man deserve who pulls another out of hell? Not all the wealth of Carnegie or the Mikado can purchase anything befitting. He must wear the decoration in his heart.

### CHAPTER III.

I HAD gone into Christian Science under a device, and on the strength of a hastily given promise. It didn't rest very heavily on my mind, but I was careful to observe the last injunction of the white-haired lady. Whenever I wanted a drink, I took it, and I seldom suffered under the predicament of the governors of North and South Carolina. Also, I paid regular visits to my practitioner, and followed her directions in good faith. Day by day, the wonderment grew how she endured me. Time after time I staggered into her office, and she only seemed the more charmed to see me. If I was cross-grained and ill-tempered, it only made her more serene and amiable. Often I expected she would cut loose and give me a piece of her mind—the treatment so many of my friends handed me—but never once did a chiding or impatient word escape her.

The visits to the white-haired lady became bits of sunshine in a troubled life. When I was most discouraged and despairing, she was able to rouse a faint glimmer of hope. Nothing but this tireless, everlasting patience and good will started me on the right road.

Also, I began to attend the Christian Science meetings on Wednesday evenings, no matter how. I never saw but one man under the influence of liquor at such an assemblage, and that was myself. I listened to the testimony of many who had been healed of almost every form of human ailment. I hoped to hear something about healing drunkenness. Finally, a young man said he had been healed of the "liquor habit." It didn't sound right—didn't fit my case at all. I looked up "Liquor Habit" in my bible and Concordance of Science and Health. There wasn't a word about "liquor habit," but I found a lot about "drunkenness" and "drunkards." That seemed far more to the point. It appeared to me that it was no more accurate to speak of a man having the "liquor habit" than to speak of him having the "cancer habit" or the "consumption habit." There is no use trying to hide unpleasant facts behind specious words.

Right here I wish to make a statement to which I trust all those who read this story will give heed. I do not attempt to speak for Christian Science, for any of its churches, for any of its members. If I had the authority to do so, I would consider myself too much of a novice to even touch on the outskirts of a subject so vast. For reasons that will appear hereafter, I do not even belong to a Christian Science church, although I am a believer in its doctrines, a regular attendant at its services and recognize a general debt of gratitude that I could not repay if I lived a thousand years. I am speaking only for myself, in the sincere hope that an honest story of my experience may be helpful, may reach misery in out-of-the-way corners, where it so often overlooked.

Also, I hope it will not be misunderstood by the man who never took a drink, never had an inclination to take one and is therefore totally unfamiliar with the whole subject. To him, drunkenness is nothing more or less than a bestial, deliberate yielding to a vile habit that any man with an ounce of will-power could control.

Such men regard a "drunk" as an unpleasant misfit in an otherwise decent world—one who ceases to be a nuisance by self-elimination through several graduate courses. One course takes the student through lock-ups, miscalled reform schools, county jails and so forth, and his alma mater is the State prison. In the other branch of the booze curriculum, the student matriculates in a lunatic asylum.

Now, I have always felt that a man who has never tasted liquor in his life—never knew what temptation meant—has about as much right to lay down the law about drunkenness as a spinster has to lecture to a lot of mothers on the art of bringing up children.

Nevertheless, nobody ought to push the story aside with indifference, just because they do not know what drink means—because it does not touch their case. It touches everyone at some angle, and very acutely. If we are going to accomplish anything against the mighty Beelzebub that every day pulls down the pillars of human life, we need every man and woman's help—we must all pull together.

The first change that I noticed was a sincere wish to be saved. I did not want to be saved bad enough to break



the promise I had made to the white-haired lady. That was absolutely sacred. To be perfectly candid and fair, I drank whenever I wanted to, and that was as much as a man could carry; but in one way or another, I came in contact with many Scientists, beside the white-haired lady, who were very considerate and hopeful. That, too, helped along quite a bit.

I think everyone, even those quite unconnected with any form of religious belief, recognize a silent influence of mind upon mind. We write and talk freely about this and that mental atmosphere, almost as carelessly as about the weather. We recognize that a general sense of "un-friendliness" is depressing, and often very seriously affects the mind and the body as well. In just the same way, nothing makes more for contentment, for sanity of body and mind, than to realize that everyone is your consistent well-wisher and friend. When you are ill, you want a cheerful doctor and nurse at your bedside. A gloomy, forbidding face is like a stab to the sick. That men and women "worry themselves to death" is no idle figure of speech, but the commonplace expression of a tragic reality. These things I only mention by way of hints.

As I said before, I didn't give up drinking, but kept it up with normal regularity. Yet there was one change of great importance. I hoped and prayed for redemption as few men ever did before. All my thoughts were centered on that one idea, and I certainly was what you might call in tune with those who were striving to aid me. This did not escape the observation of the white-haired lady. She told me it was the best sign of all.

"Never let yourself be discouraged for a moment," she said. "You will soon be free and it will come so suddenly that you will hardly understand the change."

Among other things, I had long been accustomed to taking a powerful drug to induce sleep. Beginning with small quantities, I had slowly increased this form of dissipation until I was taking nightly doses sufficient to be fatal to a man in normal condition; and I have grown to have the same haunting fear of being left without it, as that the bottle of whiskey might not last through the night. Just how or when it left me I have no recollection, but long before I lost the taste for liquor, I lost completely the desire for the drug. Again the white-haired lady was en-

couraged. Some of my friends urged her to alter her treatment—to try and induce me at least not to bring liquor home with me at night—but she firmly declined to alter her program in the slightest.

"Leave him alone," she said. "I do not care if he swims home in whiskey every night."

On the 29th of April, 1912, I consumed an unusual quantity of liquor, even for me. The next day I repeated the performance. That night I drank my usual quart of whiskey and fell into a deep sleep. It was early in the morning of May 1, 1912, when I awoke. My first act for years had been to ring the bell for cocktails.

I raised my hand for that purpose, then suddenly paused. I had no more desire for whiskey than when I was a baby in arms.

I had grown so feeble with excesses that a servant always had to lift me from bed and dress me like a child. On this occasion, I first sat up in bed, then tried my weight cautiously on the floor, stood erect, dressed myself and walked downstairs, to the amazement of my household.

I hadn't eaten in the morning for years, and very little at any other time, for, by some morbid process, alcohol had become a substitute for food.

That morning I called for breakfast, sat down and ate a satisfying meal.

It was with some solemnity that I assembled my household and made this brief announcement:

"My fight is won. I am through with alcohol forever and amen."

Someone asked with a shade of doubt—

"What makes you sure of that?"

"Because," I answered, "I couldn't touch a drop of whiskey if I tried."

I walked downtown in a new world, passed saloons, the thresholds of which I had worn down with my comings and goings, and had no more desire for a drink than if alcohol had never been discovered. That is more than a year and three months ago. I haven't had the slightest desire for liquor since I woke up on that morning in May. If I had, I would be drinking still.

My wrecked body "came back" like everything else. From a tottering ruin, just able to put one foot beyond

the other, I now enjoy the thrill of a stiff walk. I sleep like a baby eight hours every night. I eat three meals a day, the heartiest in the morning. I could only read with high-power lenses. I don't know what became of my glasses, but I can read without them, fine print, in any ordinary light.

A week after my healing, I destroyed hot water bottles, batteries, pills, medicine and an assortment of pharmaceutical jimcracks sufficient to stock a small drug store. I have never since used a drug of any description, and never have had an ache or pain.

What is better still, I haven't a care in the world and am at peace with all mankind. The past cannot be undone, but I hope those I have injured may sometime learn to forgive, if not forget.

This is the plain story of my healing, every fact of which could be established in a court of justice on unimpeachable evidence. Do not think for a moment that it was a miracle or in anywise supernatural. Quite the reverse. It was divinely natural, as I hope to show later on.

I did not leave drunkenness. Drunkenness left me.

## CHAPTER IV.

**I** NOW come to the difficult part of my story. It was no easy task to lay bare to the public the sad facts of a long career of dissipation. It is, if anything, harder to face the possibility of misconception—the thought which may arise that what I have to say is spoken in the spirit of self-glorification, or to make myself seem in any sense a better man than I am.

A large part of my time is now devoted to the work of rescuing drunkards—in aiding those who struggle in the abyss of a living hell fire, the horrors of which only those who have been there can realize. In a very humble way I have been successful. Something of this work I will have to tell in order to give point to the story, to illustrate the falsity of the world's conception compactly condensed in the verdict of the great popular court: "Once a drunkard, always a drunkard."

Human life is a natural progression. The small boy has his appropriate amusements. He plays with childish toys, builds houses of sticks and straws or launches mimic fleets of chips on the surface of a pond. By and by, he outgrows these pleasures, but not until he has learned to play with marbles and tops. He outgrows marbles and tops, but not until he has learned to play baseball. He outgrows baseball, athletics and field sports, but only when he has learned the honest ambition to win his way in the world and earn his just rewards. He never can go backward to the pleasures of bygone days. Each thing follows another in an orderly sequence. But nothing is dropped until something comes to take its place.

In the old days of dissipation, I had many cherished pleasures of a convivial nature in which the wine cup played a necessary part. When I thought of reformation, the idea that perhaps staggered my resolution most was the persistent question: What on earth will be my existence if I give up drink? Clearly it meant the abandonment of everything that seemed a pleasure, the loosening of social ties, an isolation in a joyless world. As I look backward, I think that this awful reflection played no small part in my downward course.

When I became healed in Christian Science, I could no more return to what once seemed to me the essential pleasures of life than I could find recreation in playing baseball today. But a vast vista of new occupations of interest seemed to unfold itself just as surely as in every other phase of life.

This I say in explanation. It is, in a way, a new amusement, to lend a helping hand to the outcast drunkard before his doom is sealed beyond recall. It is only a step in the scheme of progression, for which I deserve no more credit than because I forgot about infant toys when I learned to play marbles and tops.

I have spoken of drunkenness as a disease. This is not a conclusion of Christian Science, but the opinion of many of the ablest physicians of our day. Granted that it is a disease, its common treatment is a blistering disgrace on civilization.

There is a society in this city whose kindly work has always commanded my admiration. If it finds a stray or suffering animal, it leads it to shelter, provides it clean straw to lie down on and rest its tired limbs, gives it food and drink, endeavors to locate its home or find a new one. But there is no society that I am aware of which makes it its business to give comfort or aid to the homeless, despairing, stricken victims of alcohol, the most afflicted and suffering beings on earth. They roam around the streets, wild, hungry, uncared for, sleep under sidewalks and in unoccupied shacks, and those are perhaps the most fortunate who are huddled together in a cell like rats in a trap.

Sometimes scores together are discharged from the city jail, gripped with the drink-compelling disease. The appetite for liquor drives them to every ignoble shift and inevitably in the end to crime. In a crowd of such wrecks, a man with a wooden leg is looked on as a more fortunate man by his fellows, for he can pawn the leg for a drink. Not a kind word, not a helping hand, not a considerate look does anyone ever extend to them. They are denied the sympathy so freely granted to distressed goats, dogs, monkeys and cats. They are made to realize the loathsomeness of their disease by the aversion of everyone with whom they come in contact. They have absolutely no

chance in life at all. Yet, as I will show later on, what we call the hopeless drunk is the easiest one to save.

I not only believe, but know, that drunkenness is nothing but a disease, and I also know it is not only curable but absolutely preventable as well. Just as soon as people learn to think rightly, drunkenness will be impossible. That may seem a thing of the far remote distance, as unreachably as a fixed star, but we will get there much sooner than anyone thinks.

And before I go any further with the subject, I must run the risk of offending some of my good friends who believe that the true remedy for intemperance lies in a crusade against saloons. My conclusion is quite different. I was healed in a city that contains over 2,000 saloons, and they have not bothered me a particle since. If every saloon were closed tomorrow, drunkenness would still remain. Very much of it arises in a social way, quite apart from barrooms. And saloons are not always the worst places in the world. I have had barkeepers refuse to give me drinks, but I never saw a club attendant who could not serve me with anything I asked for, as long as I could stand, or bring the liquor to my room when I couldn't stand.

In short, the real fight is against the cause, not the effect. Just the same as in penology, the real struggle is not so much to save those who are inside a prison as to steady those who are still out.

The most fatal of all impressions is the idea that drunkenness can be subdued with a club. I would just as soon assail a consumptive with a tongue-lashing as to give that kind of treatment to those who suffer from the alcohol disease. Yet that is the course pursued in nine cases out of ten. Somebody with a large vocabulary of invective is induced to bring the liquor victim "to his senses." He tells him he is a drunken, dissolute dog, a disgrace to humanity, a living allegory of shame; that he would be far better dead than alive; that he ought not to show his face among decent people. Having delivered his philippic, this kind of specialist really believes the patient will straightway take heart, brace up and reform.

This system overlooks the all-important fact that no man is ever able to say anything in condemnation equal to what the drunkard says to himself every time he is able

to think. But he is still alive to a sense of further humiliation. The inevitable result of the "roasting" process is to make him take another, and a deeper, plunge into the hell that at least brings a temporary oblivion from woe.

Then he is deprived of his liberty—locked up in a cell under conditions so horrifying that they tend to madness. Or perhaps he is confined in one of the many "bug-houses" with which San Francisco is dotted. He is often quieted with drugs, and oftener put in a straightjacket, the use of which is absolutely forbidden by law in our State prisons. He is surrounded by howling victims of delirium tremens, by an atmosphere of drunkenness and debasement that would drive a sober man to drink. The best method, in my judgment, to force a man to the utmost limit is a prolonged session in a "bug-house."

Everywhere he is met with avoidance, with looks of contempt and disgust. Many good people consider it a sin to encourage a "drunk" by so much as a casual glance of recognition.

Even if he grips himself by a strong resolution, pulls himself together and "sobers up," everything fights against him. "Once a drunkard always a drunkard" confronts him at every turn. Nobody will believe in his reformation, and only too soon he doesn't believe in it himself.

If he seeks employment, the past is a hopeless barrier. Many large employers insist on a medical examination of applicants. You may have had the disease known as consumption, and the friendly doctor may pass you if the symptoms have disappeared. You may have had the disease known as diabetes; it may readily be shown that you are cured and that is forgiven you, too. But if you have once been a victim of the disease of drunkenness, you are shown without pity to the door. No wonder that in the bitterness of spirit many a poor fellow says to himself, "What's the use," as he drops backward to his doom. His only resting place is the lunatic's asylum or the tomb.

And yet the world never ceases to wonder that drunkards won't reform!

But the truth is, as I shall show later, that the simplest cases for treatment and reform are those who have simply gone the limit. They yield themselves up like little children to the spirit of broad charity, kindness and love. I say, with a full sense of the seriousness of the statement

and the knowledge of how it may be received by the public, that there is not a drunkard in California who cannot be put upon his feet and restored to the decencies of life.

The hard problems are those who only want to go half the journey. They realize that intemperance isn't a good thing for business. They are honest enough to feel ashamed of the misery they cause to wives and children; to feel ashamed of making a spectacle of their weakness before friends. But they don't want to say adieu to liquor, either at once or entirely. They want a night off with the boys now and then. They want a short "open season" for what they call "good fellowship." In other words, they want to remain, in a highly circumspect way, "gentlemen drunks."

These are the difficult, obstinate, dangerous cases. The peril lies in this: Christian Science furnishes the booze train and a free pass. But it doesn't furnish "stop over" tickets. If anyone wishes to get off at convenient places, he does so at his own risk. Other trains will pass him, but they may speed onward in the night.



## CHAPTER V.

**I** MENTIONED before that I am not a member of any Christian Science church and promised later to tell why. It is, very simply, this: I do not wish that anything in my conduct may reflect on religion in any form.

I am under no delusion concerning the charitable construction that the world puts upon many human acts. Not long ago I heard someone say:

"Never talk to me about reforming drunkards. I saw Sam Leake going into a saloon."

This was true to the extent that he saw me entering a saloon, but the reason of my doing so he entirely misunderstood. I go into saloons for a very different purpose than that which a casual observer might suppose. These places are my happy hunting grounds, for the reason that I can find more drunks there in need of aid than anywhere else. Whenever I can find better employment in other directions, I will never enter a saloon again.

In the meanwhile, I would not bring criticism on any religious body by having it said that one of its members and workers was a frequent visitor of saloons. I am playing off my own bat, and am alone responsible for my acts. What the world thinks of me matters little; for, in the last analysis, the facts must speak for themselves. Nobody can make me good by saying so. Nobody can make me bad by spoken words.

With exactly the same purpose, I often visit the city jail early in the morning, just as the drunks are waking up. Many would prefer to close their eyes against such scenes of horror and debasement. It does not happen to strike me that way. I think someone ought to give a word of friendliness and encouragement to those poor, afflicted people. Even if it does no good, it does no harm.

You must understand clearly a fundamental principle of Christian Science. It is not a proselyting order. It never interferes with anyone's convictions, whatever they may be. It does not seek to undermine the medical profession; but, on the contrary, recognizes the good work it does to countless thousands. Everything must be voluntary and of free accord. Certain sects consider its doc-

trines dangerous. As an evidence of complete good will, it discourages members of those sects from seeking its assistance. It would not go so far as to refuse aid to the unfortunate of whatever race, color, belief or condition. But when the aid is given, we kindly tell them, "go back to your church." At every turn our view is to avoid antagonism. That is fatal to our work.

For that reason, I have never but once offered my services to a drunk, and that once was a lamentable failure. He simply glared at me in a sullen defiance, turned on his heel and walked away. Knowing from experience that the disease can never be cured by moral precept, "well laid on" in the spirit of anger and reproach; still less by the application of brute force in the shape of barred cells, "bug-houses," straightjackets, prisons and lunatic asylums, all I attempt to do is to get in touch, show friendly interest, win confidence and good will. Often it takes a lot of patience, but it is seldom unrewarded. Sooner or later, the time will come when the victim will cry out from the depths of despair, "For God's sake, help me!" Then everything is as easy and simple as falling off a log.

I have in mind a well-known man who cut quite a figure in many ways. I will use his case as a solitary illustration. Kind, serviceable, lovable and weak, he had the fatal tendency that often goes with social parts. Step by step, he fell under the influence of the drink disease. Business slipped away, and the fair-weather friends took flight. He was almost an outcast when I renewed an acquaintance of long standing.

At first he received my advances with suspicion. Perhaps he thought I had a moral or material black-jack concealed somewhere about my person, ready for use when the time was opportune. But at last the ice was broken, and he found it a pleasure to have someone to talk with in a friendly, off-hand way, about old times and things of general interest. Finally one day, after a specially hard experience, when his nerves were shaken to pieces and he was on the point of seeing a large reptilian assortment, he said to me suddenly:

"Sam, how on earth did you pull yourself together? Can you point out any hope for me?"

We sat down together in a saloon, and I told my story, very much as I have told it here. He was utterly skeptical about Christian Science. Still, he was in the receptive mood, ready to grasp at any straw.

"Very well," he said, "I am ready to go the route."

Now and then something creeps into the most solemn proceedings that no one can classify otherwise than as humor of the highest type.

My friend had been from his earliest youth one of the most industrious consumers of tobacco I ever knew. In one form or another, it was never out of his mouth. After forming his resolution, he suddenly seemed to unbend under the weight of a deadly fear.

"Look here, Sam," he exclaimed, "I will go the limit to be cured of the liquor habit, but don't attempt anything with me that will interfere with my cigar."

I had to smile. I knew what would become of that cigar. The healing doesn't stop half way. It tears up everything, roots and all.

His case wasn't as obstinate as mine. Perhaps it was because he humbly asked for help. He is now restored to sobriety and health. Good fortune came back with other things; also many friends of a better and more durable class. No one can face the future with a fuller confidence in himself.

I asked him once what became of his cigar. It was his turn to laugh.

"It went with a lot of other things," he said. "I have no more desire for tobacco today than I have for a drink. It was really my first and most cherished love, but it passed from my life without a pang. I can think of its death in the spirit of humble acceptance, and certainly entertain no vain regrets that I survive it."

I do not intend to weary your readers by a tedious recital of squalid stories of drunkenness and its horrors. Still less do I wish to magnify what little I have done by the details of many cases that have come in one way or another within my observation. But I want to emphasize over and over again the fact that all cases are in every fundamental feature identical. Each is typical of the same deep-seated disturbance. No other disease presents symptoms so nearly the same in all respects.

And, above all things, I want to impress the idea that

neither mentality, character, training, surroundings or resolution to any material extent lessen the dangers of exposure to the disease. We have only to turn back the pages of history, to realize what an awful proportion of the ablest minds in every department of human activity have been wrecked and driven headlong on the rocks of drunkenness. We can read of men strong, masterful, militant by nature, who have crushed by their resolution every obstacle in the way of their purpose, only to go down to helplessness and degradation before the most despotic tyrant of all.

Turn to the brief history of the State of California. What became of so many of the wonderful pioneers, whose daring enterprise and resourcefulness made an astonished world sit up and take notice? What became of so many of the brilliant men who made the early bar of San Francisco famous, wherever the name of jurisprudence was known? Have there not been times within the memory of men not old when we have been called to lament, as for a State-wide loss, the tragic downfall of someone whom we had known and loved?

And yet when we see a man reeling along the street, dressed in overalls, evidently an outcast from the ranks of labor, we draw around ourselves the mantle of self-righteousness, and say in smug, aristocratic satisfaction, "Isn't it terrible how the scum of humanity yield to temptation and degrade themselves with drink?" Yes, we really hug the delusion to our hearts.

There is another thing, most appalling of all, that cannot be overlooked by anyone who has the courage of his convictions. The drink contagion is getting a death grip on our women, who used to be immune, or nearly so. There are many sad sights to be seen in the deadfalls of any wide-open city—men mad with liquor, blaspheming and murderous—men sunk in a hideous sodden stupor—men too far gone to fight, and too eager to sneak in for a sly drink, even to take time for a casual nap. But by far the saddest thing is to visit one of our fashionable resorts and watch well-dressed women, mostly young girls, pouring down liquor like so many coal-heavers, with ruddled cheeks and the ghastly leer on their faces that tells too well the story that the contagion has taken hold—that the disease is hurrying on with its swift and silent pace.

It is easy enough to save the outcast drunkard when he calls for help, but it isn't pleasant to think of women reaching that point.

The course of reasoning that impels many high-bred people to rescue the "lower classes" by closing their saloons, is not so evident when it appears that they need a lot of rescue work among themselves. I can call it nothing else but queer.

I had rather be a drunkard, rather be a criminal, knowing myself to be a sinner, than one of the self-righteous, unable to see my sins.

## CHAPTER VI.

**A** DISTINGUISHED specialist connected with the medical department of Johns Hopkins University announced during the present month that appendicitis and certain serious diseases of the stomach had, in his judgment, a purely mental origin. He advised, before any other treatment is attempted, to inquire into the condition of the patient's mind—the possible strain on the nervous system arising from business or domestic worries, apprehension or fear. The cause once fairly located, it was easy, in his opinion, to deal with the effect. Mental disturbances being abated, all the ugly physical symptoms disappear.

This statement was considered of such prime importance that it was telegraphed by the Associated Press to all its many newspaper members.

I wish some one would make the same announcement about drunkenness and give it the same publicity. The aggravating cause is mental obliquity. The cure is nothing more than a change to right thinking, or, as some would transpose it, "thinking right."

Fear is the drunkard's worst stumbling block. I have already described the haunting fear of being deprived in some way by accident or by force of the daily supply of alcohol. There is another fear, quite as dangerous in its way as any other. In popular language, it is known as fear of "facing the music" or "showing up."

Outside of mothers-in-law, no subject has furnished the comic artist with more variety of inspiration than the home-coming of the belated husband, who has been detained down town by the pressure of business, or perhaps at his lodge. At the foot of the stairs is depicted a more or less damaged person, with his hat crushed in, neckwear reversed, carrying a pair of shoes in his hands, with an extremely dejected expression of face. At the upper landing is a lady bearing aloft a lighted candle, in the attitude of liberty enlightening the world. Sometimes her right hand grasps a flat iron or other offensive weapon, sometimes not. But of her readiness to use her tongue no one can have any manner of doubt.

This is a type of many pictures that are supposed to represent the last word in wit. But they are not funny by any means to those who have had the personal experience themselves. What they really represent is one of the most tragic phases of the liquor disease, the ever present fear that forever crowds the victim nearer to the brink. Many a man wants to go home, but a sense of shame, a sort of general nervous terror, holds him back. He can understand the reception that awaits him, and has not the courage to face it. He puts off the moment of reckoning, hour by hour, with the weakness typical of his affliction, and in the end makes matters a thousand times worse. Just as a cornered animal will fight for its life, he will sometimes fortify himself with Dutch courage, play the belligerent for a moment, return taunt for taunt, smash furniture, deal vicious blows in the dark, reckless of where they fall. But that is only a flash in the pan. He wakes up in the morning the same terror-haunted wretch.

Nothing is more curious to observe than the animal cunning with which the liquor victim will elude pursuit. He plans his lines of escape with the skill of a military leader; knows places where he can lie undiscovered for days; is familiar with back entrances and dark alleys where he sneaks out if pressed hard.

It almost seems like a mockery to counsel an outraged woman to suffer her wrongs in silence. But if she really hopes or cares, that is the better course. There must be some place on earth where the hunted victim can go without fear, and the best place is always his home. There are many white-haired ladies who can ease the most troubled heart.

No disease strains the human patience like the drunken man's bewildered aberrations. But patience, charity, kindness and love are the corner-stones of Christian Science. That's why it succeeds where so many others fail.

Even when reason is overthrown by liquor, it is not too late to hope. A lunatic from drink does not seem a promising subject for restoration to a normal human being. But it has been my pleasure and privilege to secure the release on probation of three persons regularly committed by courts to State institutions, gibbering victims of alcohol. Each of them is now a useful, intelligent citizen of California, full of health, happiness and contentment in a

new and ever broadening life. The fear that finally maddened them has passed away for all time.

There was not a thing miraculous in their healing. Nothing that demanded the intervention of a practitioner, nothing that could not be done by any one having faith, charity, kindness and love. It is the simplest thing to understand for those who know, yet difficult to translate into the every-day language of the world. We need Science; not scientists. This I will attempt to explain before I close.

We hate sin, never the sinner. We hate drunkenness, but never the real man, who is never drunk at all. We hate the fear that conjures up the skulking apparition, not the being made in God's image. We hate every phase and feature of the loathsome disease, but surely not the victim, trembling in its clutches. This alone makes many things plain and easy to be understood.

I would no more turn my back on a person afflicted with the drunkard's disease than I would offer a brutal insult to a consumptive, diabetic or sufferer from heart disease. For, of all men on earth, the former needs sympathy and encouragement the most. Every act of disdain, every cut, jibe or sneer, adds a new impulse to an affliction that sears the very soul. Every kind word, every little token of recognition, every show of passing interest, is like a benediction to a dying man. It may even start anew the springs of gladness long gone dry.

If I could once make the world understand what seems so axiomatic to me, we would unite more earnestly to expel drunkenness than if the population was being decimated by the bubonic plague. But in every direction the efforts of society are feeble and vague. We are perfectly willing to drift along in the disgraceful "laissez faire" fashion of the past. The disease is really so disgusting that self-respecting people cannot come in contact with it, don't you know. But somebody has to come in contact, and, as usual in this world, it is those who, of all others, are the least able to bear the burden—weak, half-frantic mothers and wives; little children who hide in terror at the drunken father's or big brother's approach, and become familiar with sin and degradation that their lips can form words. Yet we wonder why men and women who have sworn to love each other are forever drifting apart;



why households are broken up; why young boys become dissolute while they are still in knickerbockers and ready for the penitentiary at sixteen; why women go astray in sheer desperation; why the social evil is gaining ground and will continue to do so, in spite of all the Pharisees in California, until the proper remedy is applied.

Even the scattering efforts, here and there, are totally misdirected. I may save occasional drunkards out of many thousands within my reach. Suppose I saved them all? What then? An endless procession of prospective drunkards—not the finished product, but the drunkard in the rough—is marching forward to take the place of any who drop out of the long line. In other words, we are working from the wrong end, helping out a casual victim, but paying no heed to the deep, hidden source of the disease, looking only to the effect and leaving the cause uninvestigated and unchecked.

Here opens up a subject so vast and far reaching that it staggers the understanding. Just at the moment it seems transcendental—far beyond the limits of what are considered the recognized frontiers of human thought. It reaches back almost to the origin of life, the volume whose pages, the philosophers tell us, have petrified together and will never be unfastened and deciphered by mortal mind. But so many things that were once thought supernatural and far without the sphere of intelligent investigation are now so clear, so comprehensible, almost so self-evident, that he is, indeed, a dreary, despondent, hopeless thinker who assumes that there is any mystery, the curtain of which will not be finally uplifted. Always a very simple background will be exposed—not alone to the investigator and specialist, but to every man and woman who cares to see.

In the way of suggestion, that may serve to induce thought in others, I propose to cast adrift on the mental ocean just a stray hint or two about cause and effect, that someone may pick up and use.

## CHAPTER VII.

**T**HERE are so many crossed wires in the world that we work in a haphazard fashion. We can never get down to a system until entanglements are cleared away. At the best, we struggle with visible effects while the causes are hidden and obscure. But, still, through doubt and uncertainty, we can see here and there a glimmer of truth.

For one thing, there are many forms of drunkenness nearly as fatal to the victim as that which alcohol brings on. I have experienced myself various forms of intoxication, almost as odious as the one I have frankly avowed. I was once drunk with—what I thought—power. I was in charge of a veritable steam roller and used it, thoughtless of those underneath. I was cured of that kind of intoxication without any aid from Christian Science. I fell off, and the steam roller passed over me.

Very few who have power can wield it with justice and fairness to all. It brings on a mental and moral distortion that ignores the commonest rights. It arouses fear, hatred, strife, resistance, and fills the world with unrest. Every part of the earth is a half-suppressed human volcano, struggling to break loose from the power that holds it down. Power drunkenness may lead to utter destruction if the cure cannot be found and applied. Life counts for nothing in this intoxication. It revels in bloodshed, war, revolution, laughs at the agony of mutilated men, gibbers at the sorrow of widows and orphans. It employs a perverted intellect and wastes the resources of mankind to invent an expensive machinery to cut down the race in its prime. And, strangest of all, we are taught to admire a drunkenness more ghastly than whiskey ever brought on.

There is also the intoxication of greed. I do not refer to the proper ambition of every man to win his way. I certainly want everything that is coming to me fairly in this life, and count it no shame to say so. But there is a greed drunkenness that tramples on the rights of others, no matter what the cost. It leads its victim to the most snabby, despicable and criminal methods just to gain a point, just to gather in a few wretched dollars long after the state of saturation has been passed.

Mere greed was never the incentive of anything good in the world. It has incited every war of conquest, sells adulterated and poisoned food for profit, builds cheap firetrap factories in which working girls are cremated, and fattens on commercialized vice.

The gnawing appetite for wealth is quite as compelling as the appetite for alcohol, and much harder to understand by anyone in full possession of his senses. But it is easier to sympathize with the victim filled with a desire to drink all the whiskey in the world than with the drunk who wants to gobble up all the money. This disease carries in its train poverty, hunger and want. There would be enough for everybody and to spare if the money drunkard did not want it all—ininitely more than he can consume himself. And, like the alcohol fiend, he suffers horrors and misery untold. He is hag-ridden by the haunting fear that someone will plunder his hoard, someone will attempt to feed out of the same trough. Just the suggestion that the law may attempt to put some limit on his appetite, or seek to place him under the slightest restraint, is certain to bring on an attack of financial delirium tremens.

I am familiar with all the horrors to be witnessed in deadfalls, bug-houses, city prisons and lunatic asylums, but none of them compare with the pitiful, heartrending spectacle of the money-drunk balked of his prey. Do not imagine for a moment that the homeless, outcast alcohol drunkard is the only one to be pitied.

There is also the drunkenness of position and rank. We are no more tenants at will, sojourners for a very brief space of life, in an uncertain world. Whatever may be our birth, nothing is more certain than that death makes all equal in the end. Yet many are intoxicated with the idea that they are made of a different flesh and blood; that they must hold apart from the common herd, mark themselves with a distinctive dress, live in a certain neighborhood, keep up a certain style, and allow themselves to be crushed in a mental straightjacket called "good form." Thus, in addition to mere drunkenness, rank and position bring on a servitude more complete than the liquor victim who gibbers behind bars.

One essential of rank and position drunkenness is to assume a very strange attitude of hauteur and scorn to

everyone not in "our set." I call it strange because it is the only kind of drunkenness in which the victim takes a pride. That is one of the sad features of the disease, and another is that many people, generally sober, admire it, too. Thus it has a terrible power of humiliation. How many million men and women have been wounded in that most sensitive part of the human make-up—their self-respect—by the brutal, often wanton, insult of a fashionable "drunk"! It rouses no end of bitter hatred, envy and rage. It raises endless wretched barriers against friendship and normal intercourse.

And the lot of the social drunk is not a whit better than of the rest we have seen. He is haunted by more fears of the bug-house order than perhaps all the others combined. He is always struggling, panting, thirsting for something just out of reach. If someone chances to pass him, he promptly sees a lot of snakes. He is never quite sure of his station, always chased by the phantom of a snub from some high quarters, or a slight from a more prominent drunk. It is forever the inappeasable craving for what you haven't got and somebody else has.

No misery is more awful than to be breaking your heart every day, because someone puts on a better front—owns a higher power automobile, builds a finer house, keeps more domestics, gives sweller entertainments, hob-nobs with more foreigners with handles to their names, owns a better yacht, travels in a private car, revels in ostentatious orgies and is more favorably mentioned in the social columns of *The Bulletin*. If a party is given by a big social dipsomaniac, all the smaller inebriates are gibbering with fear lest they be left out in the cold.

Absolute madness often follows such catastrophies and sometimes death from a broken heart. And the most distressing feature of the disease is that women fall victims more often than men to its subtle intoxication. They have a special name for its outcasts, and he must have been inspired who first gave it. For, if there is anything forlorn, wretched and dead in the world, it is a "decayed" gentleman or lady.

A very short walk on the streets of an afternoon will satisfy anyone that a lot of men and more women are pretty well drunk—on dress. Dress is by no means a thing to be despised. It often indicates neatness, good taste

and order in the wearer. But some of the fashions familiar in our time seems to me the products of downright insanity. A mind given over to a lust for fantastic attire, that finds a stimulus in forever "going one better," cannot fail to be a victim of complete intoxication in the end.

It isn't so fatal as the other types, but causes a lot of unnecessary trouble. Time offers some kind of a cure. The day comes at last when the victim understands that weird clothes invite nothing but ridicule and laughter. Once in a while, an old young girl, or an old young man will endure the inevitable sneers rather than give over their intoxicant. By far the greater number are left stranded and helpless as age crawls on. The drunkenness of dress is the source of endless misery, humiliation and pain. It is sad to think that, in a riot of display, countless good people shrink away abashed, because of their humble attire—even feel themselves strangers and unwelcome in the house of God.

To illustrate the idea I am striving to explain, I will give a story that is somewhat to the point.

A vessel was sailing down the coast. A passenger wished to send a wireless message to Eureka, and receive an answer. The operator couldn't "pick up" Eureka. But he easily "picked up" San Francisco and delivered the message there. Then San Francisco "picked up" Eureka, and transmitted the message to that point, and Eureka delivered its answer to San Francisco, which in turn sent it to the ship. Here was the ship between two points. Between those points the medium of transmission was clear. Between one of the points and the ship there was also a clear right of way. Between the ship and the other point the way was blocked. The wireless operator explained the strange physical conditions by saying that a "cross current" interfered.

Now, very much the same, there is a "medium" surrounding life. Through it flash generous impulses, kind thoughts, good deeds, friendship, joy, love, hope. But sometimes their way is also blocked. All kind of cross currents interfere—tyranny, pride, greed, selfishness, hate, envy and fear. The result is a strange jumble of errors—something twisted, warped and deformed is too often

the product. The worst have more or less good in them, the best more of bad. Thus we have a human hothouse in which disease is coaxed on and encouraged till it assumes gigantic proportions. And the various kinds of drunkenness are only some of the common forms.

### HERE I SEEM TO CATCH A GLIMMER OF WHAT APPEARS TO ME THE GREAT PRIMAL CAUSE

The wireless operator on the ship explained that the subject of "cross currents" was engaging the best scientific thought; that the subject was one of great difficulty, but the secret would soon be unlocked. He was sure, in his simple faith, that "cross currents" would soon be mastered and the medium for electrical transmission cleared.

What can be done in one field of thought is not impossible in another.

Like the physical scientists, there are others who are fighting "cross currents" and believe with the wireless operator that they will win in the end. We may not have gone far on the journey, but at least we have made a fair start.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I WANT to say a word to my old newspaper friends, for whom I have the kindest regard. I hope they will not misunderstand my meaning when I say that journalism is more or less drunk—fighting drunk very often, like the husband who beats up his wife. It needs a course in Christian Science more than any other calling on earth.

Also, like the violent alcohol victim, it strikes many a blow uncalled for and never counts the wounds it inflicts on bodies writhing in pain.

Talking of this, one strange thing about the newspaper inebriate of the militant type is that, while eternally throwing the harpoon at others, no one shrinks more from the gaff than himself. The very sight of the instrument of torture makes him shudder. The thought of the wound and the cautery bring on a physical collapse. It is the same haunting fear that pursues drunkenness of every kind. I recall an instance very much to the point.

Once during my career as editor-in-chief, a man of some position called at my office by appointment. He said he had a story of immense news value that was just about to "break" and he would give an "exclusive" for a consideration. He left me under the impression that it concerned some big defalcation.

I was paying then the best market price for news. After some bargaining, we reached an agreement. He was to furnish the story that night and I was to pay him \$200 if the "copy" were used. Everything was put down in black and white. There were some rather unusual provisions. For instance, the copy was to be delivered by a messenger at a certain time and the money was to be paid to the beneficiary's wife, but both of these odd provisions were satisfactorily explained.

At the appointed time the messenger appeared with a large envelope, enclosing a number of pages of closely written matter. I opened it and sat aghast. It was the detailed story of the writer's suicide. It gave place and time to the exact second, described sensations previous to firing the fatal shot and various piquant particulars. The photograph of the deceased was also enclosed.

I thought at first it was some ghastly joke, but quick investigation verified the story, and it was published according to agreement.

This was, perhaps, one of the weirdest happenings in the history of journalism.

The following day I was treated to a general roast by my newspaper friends. I was painted as a cold-blooded monster, who had deliberately worked on a weak man and persuaded him, with a bribe of \$200, to take his life for the sake of an exclusive sensation. There were screaming headlines, "Sam Leake, the murderer," and "Sam Leake, the diabolical assassin," confronting me at every turn.

Even my worst enemy never honestly believed that I could be a party to such a plot, but the bare accusation gave as much pain as nature could endure. Finally I turned, writhing like a mad animal at bay. I knew something of the past life of one of my assailants that wouldn't read well in print, and dictated it to a reporter who wielded a vicious pen. I told him to fill up on tobasco paprika—anything hot—and turn it loose, with the statement that a similar dose was in store for anyone who attacked me in the future.

That particular critic was laid up for a week with nervous prostration. The rest retired to the tall timber and I was never molested again.

From this, I knew that journalists are only human when it comes to the matter of thickness, or rather thinness, of their skin. I think it made me thereafter more considerate of the feelings of others.

Now, some occupations are more favorable than others to the development of the alcohol disease. Journalism presents one of the longest lists of victims. They are gathered in from the humblest subordinate, upwards in a fairly regular proportion. There is nothing abnormal in this weakness. The long night vigils, the nervous character of the work, are the natural conditions that promote what is known as a "convivial life." Some of the brightest men who have adorned the journalism of our State rest in forgotten drunkards' graves. Many more are trembling on the brink today. Every now and then a wail goes up from journalism for some unhappy comrade



who has fallen by the wayside, seemingly—but only seemingly—beyond hope. These are among the tragedies of every-day life. To say the least, the attitude of the press ought to be warmly sympathetic with any effort to make them less.

Since I was healed in Christian Science, I have a very simple rule. I never interfere with or criticize any person's habits or inclinations. If I did so, I would be rated as an ill-mannered clown for my pains. If I am invited to dinner, it gives me no offense if my host drinks a cocktail and follows it up with a cold bottle. That is his business, not mine. But in my house, with my dear-bought experience, I would as soon offer my guest a dose of rat poison as a drink. I haven't found the man yet who does not tell me I am right.

Yet when one of the most noted men of the United States, holding a great office in the nation, declines to serve booze to his official guests what had the press to say, knowing what it knows? Has it mentioned him with honor as a high exemplar of a great moral purpose?

I almost blush to tell the truth.

He has been ridiculed, lampooned, cartooned, pursued with the small malice of cheap wit. The dispassionate reader would certainly suppose that sobriety was a disgraceful thing in the United States of America. He would suppose that the only one admired by this nation was a bottle slinger, anxious to fill himself with alcohol to the neck, likewise his friends. To those who are so eager to promote this impression, I can only say, "You are drunk yourselves."

I have looked in vain through the files of many newspapers, published in various parts of the country, seeking to find a single note of approval. The man himself says he is immune to ridicule. Perhaps he has another guess. Perhaps he suffers in silence, like many other victims of injustice. At least his example offers poor encouragement for those who have the courage of their convictions and are willing to stand up and be counted when their principles are at stake, no matter what the cost.

I do not want to seem a common scold. I have no idea of suggesting a new school of journalistic ethics, based on tolerance, sympathy and truth. But I do ask my old

friends of the press to take up and consider soberly, if only for their own sakes, the disease that is decimating their ranks, and treat it with the candor and dignity that the subject deserves. Whether we like it or not, the press is the greatest working force in the world today. Journalism has a lot of cross currents, doing the devil's work here and there, but the great preponderance of its influence is for good. It has pioneered every big movement. When it comes to the pinch, it is always the people's best friend. Only in the vast work of fighting drunkenness has it utterly broken down. It is very much inclined to consider it a fit subject for jocularitv. Either that, or it exhibits a shocking cynical indifference very hard to understand.

But the truth is, just from a newspaper's standpoint here is by far the most living question of the day. We can worry along under any kind of tariff laws, any currency measure, any administration, be it Democratic, Progressive, Stand-Pat or Socialist. We can survive earthquakes, fires, floods or any other disaster. But the disease of drunkenness is eating out our people's hearts.

If I were a managing editor today I could send out a flock of reporters and bring in more human interest news, gathered from saloons, bug-houses and jails, than the courts and wires would tell in a month. If a train is wrecked or a ship goes down, no expense is spared to rush the best writers to the scene. If a single man clings to a rock in mid-ocean, a small fleet will go to his rescue and the reporters will write a full-page story. But here is a city full of crushed and mangled lives, of men hanging on by an eyelid over hell, and the press does not see even the dramatic possibilities. Whenever it does realize the vast field of intense investigation opened up and the opportunity for the best kind of journalistic triumphs, to which people will respond more eagerly than to stories of divorces, escapades and scandal, then John Barleycorn's reign will be finished. As soon as we have the honest publicity that the press alone can give, the fight is won. But we cannot fight drunkenness in the dark. My good newspaper friends, when you take an invoice of your responsibilities, do not overlook that.

This story has not been without interest to the public, but the best part can never be told. It has uncovered a world of misery, brought cries of help from the depths, given a new hope to victims—to sorrowing mothers and wives. If my newspaper friends could have seen the procession of trembling, stricken men who have humbly asked me to help them in the last ten days, it might make them far more eager to listen, far less willing to forget.

## CHAPTER IX

**I** EXPECTED a note of criticism when I stated that I was not in favor of local option, high license or the usual nostrums commonly employed, not to clean up sin, but to drive it from one place to another. The criticism came, all right. Now, I want to go a step farther and state compactly what I think a fundamental truth:

**DRUNKENNESS WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR AS LONG AS DRUNKARDS, BECAUSE OF THEIR DISEASE, CONTRIBUTE A VERY LARGE PROPORTION OF THE EXPENSES OF GOVERNMENT.**

Perhaps you do not know that drunkenness and tobacco provide one-third of the revenue of the United States Government. The internal revenue taxes on those two articles alone amount to over three hundred million dollars a year. This vast sum pays the cost of maintaining the army and navy and the reclamation service of the Interior Department. It far exceeds the expense of education, public and private, and charities of every description.

Nor is that all. States, counties, cities and towns levy enormous tributes in the way of license taxes, the total of which I am not able to give even an estimate, but I do know that the city of San Francisco alone collects much more than a million dollars a year from this source. If drunkenness can cheerfully pay that gallant figure for the mere privilege of existence, what is the total cost? Roughly speaking, according to Government estimates, the people of the United States consumed last year intoxicants and tobacco of the value of \$1,700,000,000 at wholesale rates. What was the cost at retail rates? What was the cost in lowered manhood, in sorrow and ruined lives?

This money did not even belong to the drunkards. It was stolen from their wives and children.

We have had a long debate in Congress touching changes in revenue laws. The proposed removal of certain tariff taxes, especially those on sugar and wool, have been bitterly contested, and have tried the strength of party ties, in face of an organized outcry that the country

was going to the dogs. But I didn't hear any statesman propose to abolish the tax on liquor and urge for a reason that a civilized nation could not afford to profit on the misery and degradation of man. Why? For the simple reason that the tax-paying interests would have risen in mass and buried the suggestion miles deep. The tax now levied on drunkenness would have fallen, for the moment, on the shoulders of somebody else.

They even propose to raise more revenue on liquor. What will that mean? The drunks are paying their last cent now. To raise more money by a liquor tax, we must raise more drunks.

I cannot imagine anything more foolish than the current idea that vice in any form can be bettered by a tax. A tax is what vice wants every time. It gives it a certain dignity, legal protection, and the authority of the great seal of State. As soon as it becomes a big producer of revenue, friends and defenders spring up on every side.

I do not believe in reforming by force. That means bitter resistance, strife, hatred and revenge, the evil instincts, the cross currents, that Christian Science ever seeks to avoid. But if I were the autocrat of America, my first act would be to remove every form of taxation from the production and sale of booze. Deprived of the support of selfish interests, stripped of the pretense that it can ever lighten the burdens of business or wealth, people would sit down soberly and figure out what drunkenness really costs. That would be the beginning of right thinking, and right thinking will cure any kind of drunkenness, of which liquor-slavery is the best recognized type.

And the outcome, so far from burdening anyone, would be an economic gain so vast that it would mark the greatest era of progress in the history of mankind.

I trust this has not been a dismal story, or that anyone may think my aim is to invent a joyless world, peopled with dreary, lantern-jawed gentlemen, and ladies with sour-visaged mugs. Quite the reverse. I only see the picture of a life so buoyant, robust and healthful that it will be a pleasure in itself to be alive. Just to begin with, I want everyone to see that most welcome of all rainbows, **HOPE.**

Pardon me if I offer an illustration, in which I happen to play a part.

Several days after this story began; I was called to the telephone. A lady's voice was speaking.

"For God's sake, come and see me, Mr. Leake," she said. "I have been reading about you to my husband. He is drunk now, but he wants to go the route."

I went to the house as directed. Several ladies were in a state of high tension. Their talk was about booze, drunkenness, whiskey—abominations of every kind. I couldn't get in a word edgewise.

I went to the room of the victim. He was in the "crying drunk" stage, shedding tears as big as walnuts, but just as plastic as a child—willing to do anything or go anywhere to escape from a living hell.

I returned to the ladies and addressed the wife:

"If you want to take a last look at that carcass you think is your husband, now is your chance. I am going to take him away with me. What will come back will be the real man."

This was something of a poser.

"Another thing," I added, "you are in a bad shape yourselves. Your minds are filled with all manner of terrible imaginings. To cut a long story short, you are drunk. I want you to raise the blinds, throw up the windows, let sunshine and light into this house, get busy yourselves and think of something pleasant. That will help a lot."

The next day I called to make a favorable report.

"Do you know, Mr. Leake," said the lady of the house, "I haven't touched a piano for years, but I have been playing and singing all day. And tomorrow night a few old friends are coming here to hear some music and perhaps have a little dance."

In my humble judgment happiness does not consist of being filled with whiskey, avarice, pride, self-esteem, self-righteousness and envy. On the contrary, these are the very things that wreck life in the end.

Those are the happiest who are temperate, generous, considerate, unconscious, unselfish and honest with themselves.

And sometimes I have seen more real contentment under a humble roof than is often found in the haunts of wealth.

Everyone likes the word "Good." Cut out one letter and you have GOD—MIND, INTELLIGENCE, TRUTH. There Christian Science begins and ends.

But no one can overlook the practical in life. My purpose has been to tear away the cobwebs that some venerable spiders have spun and let the light of hope shine into every dark corner. Surely where the door was not closed for Sam Leake anyone has a chance to "come back." Be rid of this monster called despair. Fill your minds with confidence and cheer, good mothers, and wives and willing friends. Chase out the ugly apparitions that have haunted you, sober up and get busy, for there is work for all.

It was the impulse of utterance that made me tell this story. Somehow I feel that it has not been thrown away. At the outset I said it would satisfy me if it saved a single victim from a living hell. It has done that much already several times over, but I want it to do many things more.

I hold no brief for Christian Science. I am not a member of its church. My appeal goes out to every one, whatever be their sect or creed. I want to see an organized beginning of earnest, practical work—a society that will do for human outcasts what is freely done for vagrant dogs and cats. Don't look around for a fancy name. Call it the "First Aid for Homeless Drunks." Just offer them a haven and resting place where there isn't a thing to fear; where they will not be chased with reproaches, and where, perhaps, they may hear a word of hope. I will answer that headquarters will be crowded and standing room scarce; that it will soon be the center and inspiration of a far-reaching and noble work.

But there mustn't be any kind of cross currents—ambition, phariseism, or overzeal. Anything but pulling together would be fatal from the very start. It is clear I could not lead in such a movement, for even that might be easily misunderstood. But I would like to be an active private in the ranks, backed up by the solid influence of those who only seek to do a little good.

We are always "taking stock" in one way or another, from the details of a vast business down to counting spoons. This is necessary, indispensable, in all well-ordered concerns. Why wouldn't it be just as serviceable to take an inventory of yourself once in awhile? It might not encourage at the outset, but at least it would offer a basis for new thoughts. Here is one subject to think over for the man who has made his self-inventory and finds all the entries on one side—SELF.

## CHAPTER X.

**N**OW I come to what I believe to be the most important feature of my healing. It will, I know, surprise many people unfamiliar to Christian Science. They will think it is a contradiction. But they will find that it is no contradiction when it is understood. It is simply that the real Sam Leake was never drunk in his life.

Who is the real Sam Leake? Before I was healed my friends, if they had to answer this question, would have said that he was a drunkard. But the real Sam Leake, like the Christ-man of the Resurrection, was, and still is, and always will be in the image and likeness of God. What was permanent in him, what made his true self, was divine. To say that the divine in him could get drunk would be equivalent to saying that God himself could get drunk.

What then happened when I became free of drunkenness? I simply gave up unreality for reality. I turned from the self of the senses, from what was impermanent and misleading, from what Mrs. Eddy calls error, to the self that was beyond the senses and that drew its health and strength from the divine source. In other words, I laid hold of the eternal. Here Christian Science agrees with those distinguished scientific men who had already pointed out what every thinking person must recognize—that our sense perceptions could not be trusted. Could any guides be more deceptive than the senses in the serious affairs of life?

For the benefit of those who have not given much attention to the matter, I might begin the explanation by speaking of what we all agree on—the unreality of dreams. In dreams our minds operate much as they do when we are awake. Christian Science makes clear to us that the sense life is a dream. Far deeper than sense lies the reality that is immortal Truth. "The history of error," says Mrs. Eddy, "is a dream narrative. The dream has no reality, no intelligence, no mind; therefore, the dreamer and dream are one, for neither is true or real."

When I look at a great office building, what do I see? Only the things that are real to the senses; that is, the



things that are apparent. Behind that building there unquestionably is something. But it is not what we call substance. It has reality only as an expression of truth. All that I learn about it from the senses is what can be known to mortal mind. But there is only one Mind. It is universal and is immortal. It tells us absolute Truth. It is, indeed, God.

What I wish most to impress on the reader is that the real man is in God, in Mind. God, Mind, Intelligence, Truth, are one. Wherever man goes God is. While I was a drunkard the real man was still in God. I couldn't exist if God did not exist. Soul is immortal Mind. Man is a full expression of that Mind in the character, the image and likeness of the Divine Mind, the Mind that demonstrated its marvelous power in Christ. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" asks the Psalmist. "Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

Wherever you go, you, who happen to be reading these lines, there goes God's image and likeness. You are not mortal. You are immortal. All you need to do is to understand yourself as you are and to live by the understanding; the instant you understand yourself you are healed. You have your real life, not outside of God, but in God. Your real being consists of divine power. All you have to do is to recognize this power and to take for yourself the endless advantages. Remember, God is good. By accepting God, the only reality, you come into your inheritance, and, as the Bible has promised, all things shall be added unto you. We do not yet know how wonderful the power is. We are only at the threshold. We are making the start.

Since I began writing these articles many people have tried to find out from me the name of my practitioner. After thinking the matter over, I decided not to give the name; grateful as I was for her forbearance with me, it was not she that had done the healing. It was the immortal power that worked through her, a power shared by all Scientists. She had been led to recognize it by the reading of "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy. From that book she drew as from a living spring, the spring coming not from Mrs. Eddy, but

from the divine source, from the Truth that is God. There she found the thought I tried to express when I said I had never been drunk in my life. "We know no more of man as the true divine image and likeness than we know of God. Mortals have a very imperfect sense of the spiritual man and of the infinite range of his thought. To him belongs eternal life. Never born and never dying, it were impossible for man, under the government of God in eternal Science, to fall from his high estate."

Before I was healed my practitioner used to urge my wife to keep reading to me. But one day my wife said to her: "I read until one, two or three o'clock in the morning while he is lying in stupor or asleep. It seems useless to go on." The practitioner said: "Read, read, read. He knows more when he's asleep than when he's awake." So my wife kept on, and I began to surprise her when I came to by telling her what she had read. At the time I did not understand. But now I understand. Psalm 121 gave me the clue: "He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep." If God doesn't sleep, then the real man in God doesn't sleep.

There is a little prayer that I often repeat during the day. It gives me a great deal of help. I adapted it from a story that I read in the "Christian Science Monitor."

It reads as follows: "That healing may result from the prayer of the so-called orthodox Christian, as well as of the Christian Scientist, was maintained by one who told of the healing of a child who was seriously ill. The minister took him in his arms and prayed a few moments, after which the child went to play, perfectly well. The Christian Scientist who listened to the story was interested in knowing the nature of the prayer, and found it to be simply this: 'Father, I thank Thee that there is nothing between Thee and this little child.'"

No wonder instantaneous healing resulted! Indeed such prayer could hardly fail of an answer. It was first the recognition of the loving fatherhood of God; an expression of gratitude for good already present and available; a realization of the nothingness of the evil which was claiming presence and power; and last an affirmation of the unity of man with God. Only the Christ-spirit of compassionate love was needed to carry this affirmation and realizing prayer into demonstration.

In the sixth chapter of Matthew, Jesus tells us specially how to pray—how to pray as he prayed, and if we do this we may rightly expect to do the works which he did through prayer. Now Mrs. Eddy has taught us not to make special prayers for ourselves, but to pray for all. So I say: "Father, I thank Thee that there is nothing between Thee and Thy children."

I have finished with the old Sam Leake. He doesn't exist. He never existed. I have found my real self and I intend to be my real self from now on. It isn't merely that I have gained health. I have gained many things much better. They include peace and happiness and knowledge of the way to live. I wish I could make clear here how much enjoyment I get out of my very small efforts to put others on my road and out of my association with the workers in Christian Science. The other night I spent the evening in a house that is resorted to by those strangers in the city who are under treatment. It was fine to see them together, a happy lot; one of them like me, finding himself after a long period of drunkenness, a musician, sitting at the piano and playing for the others. When I went home I received by telephone a message that a lady was seriously ill, and that the members of the family were sorely in need of help. I went down and secured a practitioner, a woman. When we reached the house we found the family in a state of consternation. The patient was in agony. Two well-known physicians said she ought to be operated on in the morning. The practitioner went upstairs and came back in an hour, smiling. The patient had quieted down and fallen asleep. We went away together, the practitioner and I, feeling pretty good. The next morning I learned that the patient had passed a comfortable night and was in a promising condition. This morning when I inquired about her on the telephone, one of her relatives said: "I wish you could see the breakfast she is eating." Now, an experience like that is worth while.

Look at the Christian Scientists when they are gathered together. Can you find happier people? The explanation is that they have been delivered from their imaginary selves and they have found their real selves in God. They know that by themselves alone they couldn't have arrived

where they are. Their faith gives them humility. A few years ago I could not have stood such appreciation as has come to me through the publication of these articles. I should have taken all the credit to myself and I should have been puffed up with egotism. Through Science I have learned better. Again here I should like to thank the many friends in Science who, while these articles have been appearing, have helped me with their good thoughts.

Today a gentleman that I used to be associated with in politics said to me: "Well, Sam, you must have got both fists into the treasury of Christian Science." I replied: "You never said a truer thing in your life. And yet I am only taking my share. The treasury of Christian Science is inexhaustible. Come in and help yourself."

The treasury is open to you. It is open to everyone. We don't even know yet how much gold it contains. The more you want the more you can have.

THE END

## CONCLUSION.

As Written for the First Edition.

BY JAMES H. WILKINS.

**A**S I wrote the foreword of the Sam Leake story, I have been asked to let the curtain fall. I have known Mr. Leake familiarly for many years. During the period of his active power many judged him harshly. To myself, he was always a most interesting personality, very companionable, very magnetic, not disinclined to acts of kindness, but in the main a man of the world, self-centered, firm in his purpose and unmindful of those who stood-between him and his end.

The incident of a man, far gone in the abuse of alcohol, "pulling himself together," is not common, nor yet so rare as to attract unusual attention. When Mr. Leake suddenly reappeared in the world physically rehabilitated, after a bit of wonderment, I dismissed the subject, with proper compliments to his rugged constitution.

Many fall by the wayside, with various kinds of gaping moral wounds. Sometimes the wounds heal, but they are apt to leave some ugly-looking scars. One of the curiosities of intemperance is that those of its victims who recover seem to have a sort of hate for the others who still struggle in its grip. This is a well-nigh universal rule. To its truth, I can give personal testimony. In my early youth I harvested a crop of wild oats with a zeal that would have been commendable in any other cause. Suddenly I made a brace and never tasted anything as strong as cider for fourteen years. During that time I was as bigoted and intolerant of drunks and drunkenness as any old-fashioned witch-burner. I reviled them, spurned them, offered to buy them poison, invented new names of contempt for the cowardice of the weaklings who hadn't the moral courage to "brace up." This heartless brutality is only one of the scars.

Now, when I heard that Mr. Leake had not only regained his physical poise but was actually hobnobbing with drunks in a spirit of amity and friendliness, I was sure here must be something out of the normal course. That was what induced me to study his case as a kind of

psychological marvel, and I found the recovery of the material man completely overshadowed by the moral transformation. The old Sam Leake, good fellow all right, but with a wary eye on the main chance and apt to trip you up if your mind wandered from the game, had disappeared. The new Sam Leake is the man who told the brave but modest story.

It was at my earnest persuasion that Mr. Leake agreed to give his experience to the world. It was something he long shrank from, but when once it loomed up as a duty, nothing could have held him back. Having, therefore, a certain responsibility in the premises, I have been a keen observer of the results.

I think one of the great moral lessons taught by the story is the need of human sympathy in every helpful work. Sam is successful because he is absolutely unconscious of doing anything out of the way, because his methods are direct and simple, because his whole heart goes out in his work. Every word he says hits the center of the target. In the last two weeks it has been my rare privilege to listen to him talk to groups of woebegone drunks who travel every day to the fourth floor of The Bulletin building in search of the new friend. Sam's outlook is always the same—a sort of radiant hopefulness. He talks to them in the language they can understand—the language of the man who has been through the mill himself. "Why, boys," I heard him say cheerfully to three or four, "you ought to be ever so happy that things are no worse. I reached the bottom of hell, then took a pick-axe and tried to dig deeper, but failed. A year and a half ago it would have made me chesty to be in as good shape as you. Cheer up, drive the nightmares out of your minds, for you are going to be saved."

Many people in this world really want to be helpful. The trouble is they don't know how. They never get close enough to genuine distress to be really in touch with it. They keep so far in the background that they never can truly understand. That is why so much well-intended effort takes the form of ostentatious philanthropy, benevolence with a brass band attachment and grotesque plans to succor the heathen, when those needing help more than the heathen are right here. I do not mean to say that this

work is wasted. It does much good to those engaged in it. Anything that tends to turn our thoughts to others is of great value to ourselves. But so far as benefiting those for whom it was intended, it is practically thrown away.

Once in a while we have to get back to nature. That is what Sam Leake has done. That is what others must do if they really wish to succeed.

It has been a moral story, but not one that has been dismal or tiresome. It hasn't been a mere exposure of squalid conditions with a dreary homily attached, exhorting the sinner to turn from his loathsome abominations. It is the moral story of man's superiority over sin, and through it rings, clear and true, the buoyant note of hope. I haven't met a man yet who hasn't said that it did him a positive good—made him feel like doing something worthy in life himself.

And perhaps it has done a very large practical work in an exceedingly quiet way. My private opinion is that about nine out of ten men have an uneasy conviction that they are drinking too much for their health, happiness and general welfare. I do not know so much about the women, though the consciences of some of them can hardly be at ease on this point. But certainly a lot of people have put their minds to work in a responsible way and determined to apply the brakes before further headway is gained. That much several have confided.

And the work isn't going to stop. Letters by hundreds, interviews by hundreds, have literally submerged Mr. Leake. He couldn't evade an avalanche of responsibilities if he wanted to. But he has no desire to shirk the task. There has been cut out for him already work that he couldn't clear up in a year. But he will not be alone in his labors. Others are coming forward. It is just the beginning of an epoch-making work.

Sam is one of the very few who have been through a great moral battle, who have received all kinds of ghastly wounds and have come out of the struggle without a scar. All the sad experience has only served to disclose a latent power that like too much of the best part of human nature often dies within us undisclosed.

## A BIT OF PERSONAL HISTORY

By Bailey Millard

*Formerly Managing Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin; writer, lecturer, student of economics and literary critic, at present engaged in special feature writing.*

ON a bright April morning in 1916 I stood by the Dewey Monument in Union Square, San Francisco, in a despondent mood. While gazing about at the green shrubbery and the idlers on the benches it suddenly occurred to me that I owed bills to doctors on four sides of that beautiful square. On the day before I had been informed by an eminent physician and surgeon having an office on the east side that my wife was in a very bad way physically and that in all probability she would never recover. For years she had suffered from an internal tumor and although it had been removed by a New York surgeon in February, 1915, she had gained no relief and had become so weak that she was confined to her bed a great deal of the time, suffering from neurasthenia, quinsy and other complaints. I had hoped that by coming to California she would regain her health, but after we removed from the East to this State in January, 1916, she grew worse. I employed doctor after doctor, but she continued to grow weaker.

As I stood in the little park on that April day I was debating in my mind whether I should follow the advice of a man reputed to be the best physician in San Francisco, who, in consultation with a specialist, had diagnosed her case as rheumatism and who ordered all her teeth to be removed. These grave medical gentlemen had decided that by that pleasant process alone would she obtain relief from the condition from which she was suffering along with her other ailments. I did not want to have those teeth extracted. It seemed to me a very cruel and unnecessary operation. I was sick and tired of doctors and of the paying of bills for services which were of no avail.

While pondering over the problem it occurred to me that a few days before I had been urged by a friend to give my wife the benefit of Christian Science. I had laughed at the idea, for Christian Science always had been a joke to me. But now I found myself ready to give it a trial. So I telephoned to Mr. W. S. Leake, whose office was in the Sharon Building, and arranged for a treatment.

Mrs. Millard was then in a house in Green Street, near Fillmore, under the care of two nurses and hardly able to sit up or move about, reclining in bed most of the time. She was no more interested in Christian Science than myself, but she was willing to have Mr. Leake treat her. With the help of the nurses I put her into an automobile and we took her to the Sharon Building, wrapped in heavy blankets and with hot water bags at her feet.



When Mr. Leake opened the door of his inner office and smiled out upon us I began to feel a sense of confidence in his power, but waited with much impatience while Mrs. Millard was with him in the room behind the closed door, for I feared she might be overcome by what I imagined to be an ordeal which she was in no condition to undergo. She was in the room with him only about fifteen minutes, when he opened the door again and summoned me in. When I looked at my wife I was amazed. Her eyes were bright and she seemed more animated than she had been for months. I offered to help her to the automobile, but she declined my aid or that of the nurse, walking to the elevator with a firm step and disdaining the use of the hot water bags, saying she was warm enough without them. While driving home she talked gayly on the way and was in the best of spirits for days afterward. We dismissed the nurses and she has had none since nor any doctor or medicine of any kind. In fact after this first treatment and a few others she was a well woman. For years she had had servants, but from the day of her healing she has done her own housework. She has suffered little pain of any kind, and all her former ills have completely left her. She has received great spiritual benefit from Christian Science. While formerly she was quite gloomy at times she is now the soul of optimism. She loves to do manual work of nearly every kind in the house and garden and there is no woman, young or old, of our acquaintance so light upon her feet or able to stand a long heavy strain of work or play as she, although she is a grandmother and has arrived at a period of life when most women are inactive.

We feel that we owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Leake, or rather to Christian Science, for her present happy, healthy state.

Bailey Millard

## MY PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By Fremont Older

*Mr. Older is one of the foremost editors in America. His eight-year battle with the forces of civic and social corruption in San Francisco won him national fame. He is recognized as a great humanitarian as well as a great editor. His book, "My Own Story," gives a brief sketch of his activities in behalf of prisoners and the "under dog" in all departments of human life. He was for twenty years Managing Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, in which journal he first published "The Healing of Sam Leake." He is now editor of the San Francisco Call.*

THE story of "The Healing of Sam Leake" is to go into moving pictures. This is a big piece of news and the picture, in my judgment, will outdistance anything in the way of realism that has ever been done in the film world; it will—if the story as Leake wrote it is faithfully transferred from the written word to the photo.

In all my years of experience in handling human stories, I have never encountered one that was so completely unique and dramatic as the life of Sam Leake. I have known Leake for more than thirty years. We were young men together in Sacramento at the State Capitol in the days when the Legislature was completely controlled by the Southern Pacific Railroad. I was there as a correspondent of one of the San Francisco dailies and Leake was Assistant State Librarian. In addition to his work in the Library Leake gradually became a lobbyist, working in the interests of privilege which in the main was sought by the Railroad Company.

Gradually, and perhaps to himself almost imperceptibly, he was engulfed by the corrupting influences that were in control in those days, and drifted away from the so-called legitimate channels of endeavor and became known as a very skillful, clever, alert politician, with an inside knowledge of how politics were done in those days.

A few years later he came to San Francisco and was appointed editor of the morning Call. At that time I was the Managing Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin. Leake's remarkable resourcefulness, good nature, charming personality and other qualities that had made him successful in politics, also made him a strong figure in the journalistic world.

While occupying his position as editor he did not disconnect himself from the old forces he had worked with in Sacramento. He kept up his relationship with the underground life of the State, and this of course helped him in a large measure to dominate the news field, enabling him to "scoop" other papers

with stories that could only be obtained by one who held the confidence of the malign powers that controlled government.

As I recall Leake's early life, the habit of drinking came upon him while he was at work on his newspaper, and in a few years alcohol had gained mastery over him to such an extent that he was no longer able at any time to hold full possession of his very unusual qualities, and after he left the paper he went rapidly downward to a point where he was regarded as a hopeless drunkard.

As I remember he was in this condition for several years, growing steadily worse. After the passage of many years, I saw him seldom when he wasn't in a deep state of intoxication, wandering aimlessly about the Palace Hotel, in and out of the bar-room, usually in a maudlin state, staggering here and there, bewildered and befuddled.

As we hadn't been on friendly terms for many years, I didn't hear very much of his personal life, or his activities. I knew in a general way that he was still pursuing the old lines that he had been accustomed to when he was connected with the State Library in Sacramento.

I think it was in the summer of 1913, while Jim Wilkins, an old friend of his, was in my office at The Bulletin, that Sam Leake suddenly came into my mind, and knowing that Wilkins would probably know about him, I said:

"Jim, what has become of Sam Leake? Is he dead? I haven't seen him around the Palace Bar for nine months."

"Dead!" said Wilkins, "I should say not. He is very much alive. At this moment he is no doubt up in the Mechanics' Library reading, and looks the picture of health, rosy-checked, clear-eyed and erect, every inch a man."

I was amazed. I couldn't believe it possible that a man who was in the condition Leake was in the last time I saw him could have resurrected himself.

When I recovered my speech I said: "How did it come about, Jim?"

"Christian Science," said Wilkins.

"Christian Science!" I said. "Is it possible that Leake has been saved through Christian Science?"

"It is not only possible," said Wilkins, "but it is true."

"Then," said I, "Sam Leake is the biggest story in the world today. Get it for me."

Wilkins said he would do what he could, that he would see Leake and ask him if he would consent to writing the story of his regeneration.

A few days later Sam Leake came into my room with Wilkins. I hadn't talked with him in many years. We had been enemies, but there was no embarrassment. Sam was his old blooming self of twenty years ago, and when I suggested that he should write his story he said, "Well, my wife and I both feel that I have had sufficient newspaper publicity, but if you think that my story will serve to help other people who are in the condition that I was in, I will gladly write it."

In a few minutes we had planned the story of "The Healing of Sam Leake," and in a week the first installment was brought to me and I started it as a serial in The Bulletin.

Before the third chapter had made its appearance the whole city seemed to have become vitally interested, and The Bulletin office was literally swarming with people looking for Mr. Leake. Mothers with drunken sons, fathers with drunken sons, sisters with drunken brothers, wives with drunken husbands came to the office eagerly looking for Mr. Leake to help them. It was with difficulty that he was able to write his story and look after the hundreds of people that were beseeching him to help them and their friends who were in the toils of John Barleycorn.

As I remember now, he made connections with a home conducted by Christian Scientists and sent one after another to this home, treating them, caring for them, talking with them from day to day as he had time, and reclaiming one after another.

Before the story had been completed in The Bulletin the wonderful message that it contained had gone all over the nation and letters came pouring in from far distant states to Mr. Leake asking him for advice and comfort. His correspondence grew from day to day. When the story was finished the interest continued unabated and in a short time it came out in pamphlet form and was sent all over the world, translated into many languages and finally reached practically every portion of the civilized globe.

In all my newspaper experience I have never known any story that reached as far as did "The Healing of Same Leake." I am very much pleased to know that it is to be put into the form of a moving picture, so that this wonderful message may still continue to go out to the masses of mankind, and its helpfulness may be extended and perpetuated.

*Fremont Oleks*

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